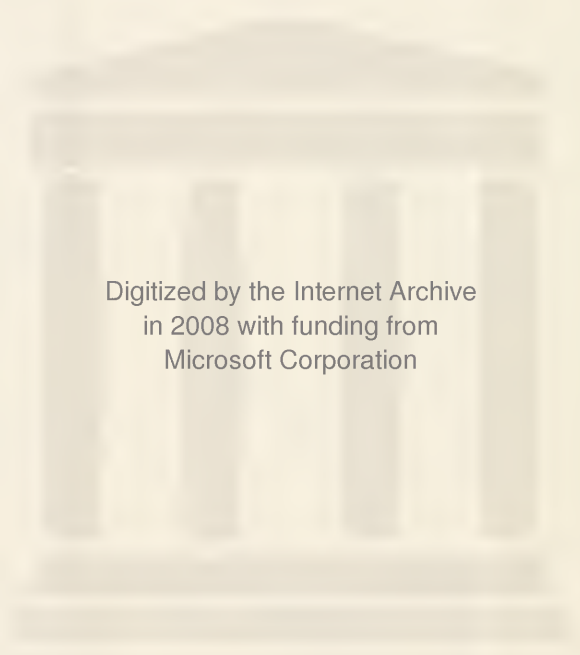




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THE MORAL MUSE.

LONDON :

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CHEAPSIDE.

THE
MORAL MUSE.

A PRESENT FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BY
EMMA PRICE.

* * * * *

“ Our most important are our earliest years;
The Mind, impressible, and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clew,
That EDUCATION gives her, false or true.”

Courper.

LONDON:
HOLDSWORTH AND BALL,
18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.
1830.

PR
1195
G5P9

TO
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUCHESS OF KENT,
This little Volume
OF
POETICAL MORALS
IS
BY PERMISSION
DEDICATED
WITH PROFOUND RESPECT
BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS' MOST OBEDIENT
AND MOST GRATEFUL SERVANT,
EMMA PRICE.

841636

PREFACE.



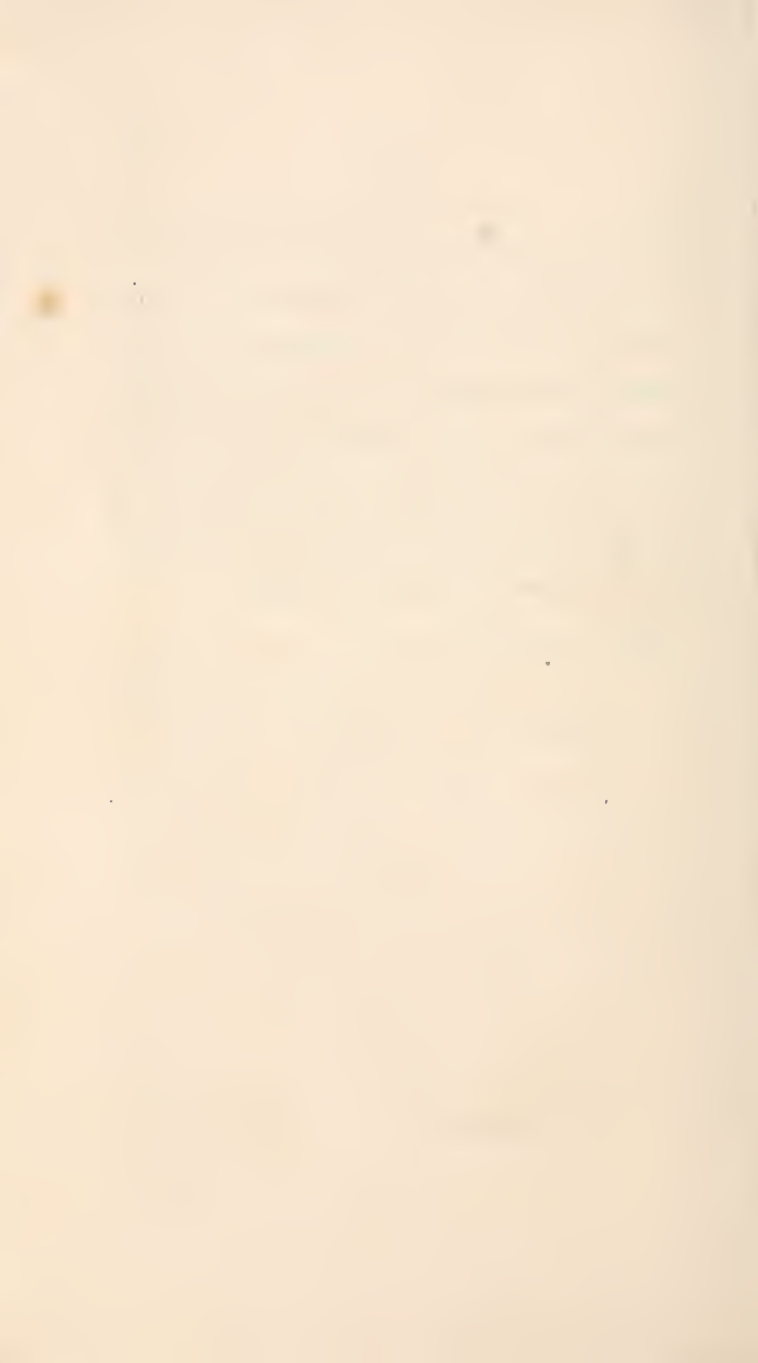
THE Editor is aware that a variety of compilations, bearing some resemblance to the present, is already before the public eye. There is however, she presumes to think, one feature of her work, which entitles it to regard, and which serves at the same time to show, that the little industry employed has not been altogether superseded by her predecessors.

Most of the poetical extracts which have come under her observation, have indeed, laudably

enough, aimed to produce a taste for “numerous verse.” Flowers of every hue, and of every odour, have been made to pass in a regular series before the imagination; and the effect has been, in numberless instances, to transfer upon the mind much of the grace and beauty which distinguish the varied and inimitable scenery of nature. This appears to comprehend the principal design of the publications to which she has alluded. But when it is considered with what facility, sentiments poetically expressed, make their way to the heart, it must appear an object of supreme importance to insinuate, through the same harmonious vehicle, whatever is adapted to embellish the manners, and purify the morals of the rising generation. With this view, the Editor has been careful, in every one of the following selections, not only to present a *pleasing image* to the reader, but more especially to make the beauty subservient to the production of a *salutary impression*. She

is far from supposing that she has exercised all that discrimination which is necessary for so important an undertaking: at the same time she flatters herself, that even the attempt will recommend the little volume. While the extracts are of a nature to entertain the lovers of poetry in general, they are chiefly intended to be an elegant and useful companion for young ladies.

SHEERNESS, *May*, 1830.



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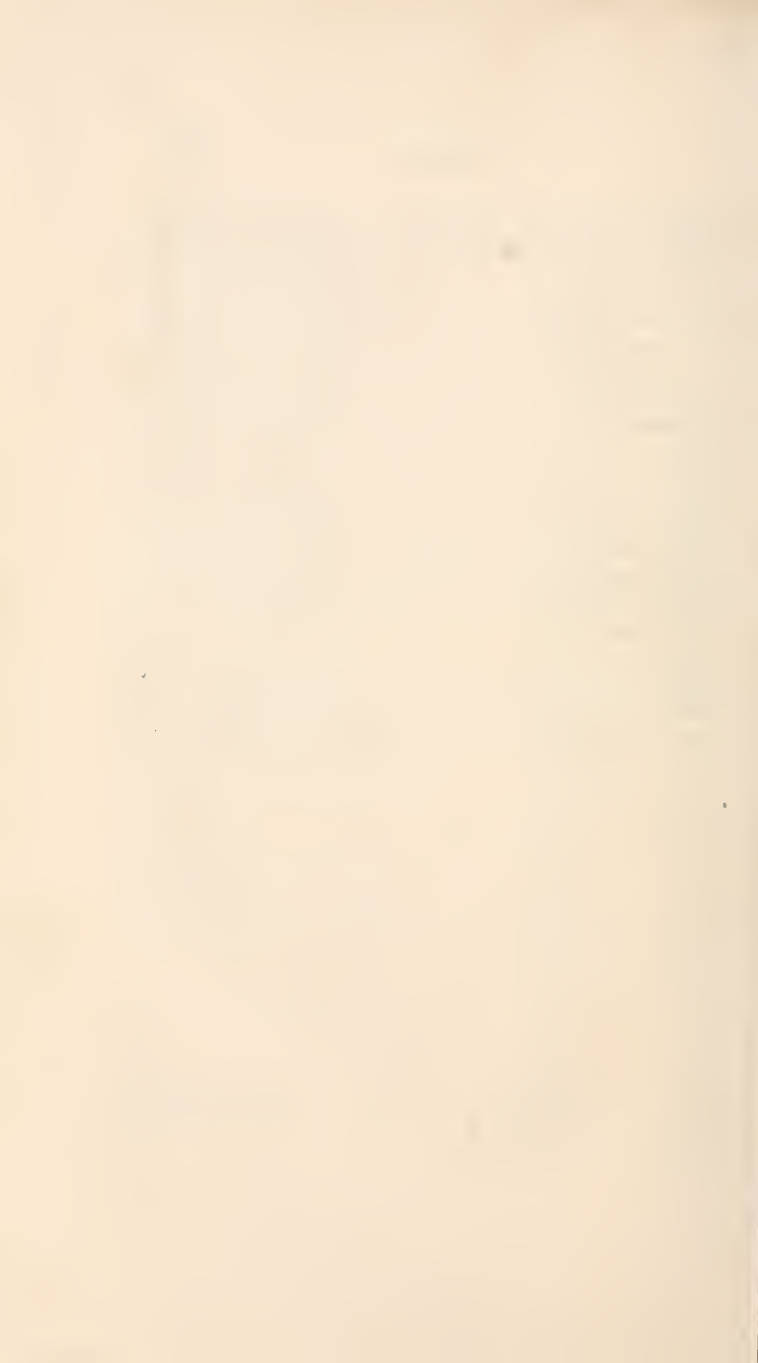
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EDUCATION AND MANNERS.

EDUCATION AND MANNERS.



THE DANGER OF DELAY.

COWLEY.

BEGIN, be bold, and venture to be wise :
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream that stopped him shall be gone,
Which runs, and, as it runs, for ever shall run on.



DIFFICULTIES SURMOUNTED BY THE DILIGENT.

ROWE.

THE wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them : sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make th' impossibility they fear.

GREATNESS HAS SMALL BEGINNINGS.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

—GREATNESS ever springs from low beginnings.
 The very Nile—whose broad stream
 Bears fruitfulness and health through many a clime,
 From an unknown, penurious, scanty source
 Took its first rise. The forest oak, which shades
 The sultry troops in many a toilsome march,
 Once an unheeded acorn lay.

INVETERATE HABITS.

COWPER.

INVETERATE habits choke th' unfruitful heart,
 Their fibres penetrate its tenderest part,
 And, draining its nutritious powers to feed
 Their noxious growth, starve every better seed.

DISCIPLINE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

WHOLESOME severity, if wisely framed
 With sober discipline, procures more reverence
 Than all the lenient counsels and weak measures,
 Of frail irresolution

G E N I U S.

POLLOK.¹

How beautiful is genius when combined
 With holiness! Oh! how divinely sweet
 The tones of earthly harp, whose chords are touched
 By the soft hand of piety, and hang
 Upon religion's shrine, there vibrating
 With solemn music in the ear of God.

THE BLESSINGS OF AN EARLY EDUCATION.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

O HAPPY they for whom, in early age,
 Enlightening knowledge spreads her letter'd page!
 Teaches each headstrong passion to control,
 And pours her liberal lesson on the soul!
 Ideas grow from books, their natural food,
 As aliment is changed to vital blood.
 Though faithless fortune strip her votary bare,
 Though malice haunt him, and though envy tear,
 Nor time, nor chance, nor want can e'er destroy
 This soul-felt solace, and this bosom joy!

PROCRASTINATION.

YOUNG.

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled.
 And to the mercy of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

LIFE's chief happiness and wo
 From good or evil education flow ;
 And hence our future dispositions rise ;
 The vice we practise, or the good we prize.
 When pliant nature any form receives,
 That precept teaches or example gives,
 The yielding mind with virtue should be graced,
 For first impressions seldom are effaced.
 Then holy habits, then chastised desires,
 Should regulate disordered nature's fires.
 If Ignorance then, her iron sway maintain,
 If Prejudice preside, or passion reign,

If Vanity preserve her native sway,
 If selfish tempers cloud the opening day,
 If no kind hand impetuous Pride restrain,
 But for the wholesome curb we give the rein;
 The erring principle is rooted fast,
 And fixed the habit that through life may last.

THE POWER OF PHILOSOPHY.

BEATTIE.

'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale;
 And from the breezy main, and mountain's head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the flattering gale.

PHILOSOPHY LIMITED TO FINITE OBJECTS.

H. K. WHITE.

Who can apply the futile argument
 Of finite beings to infinity?
 He might as well compress the universe

Into the hollow compass of a gourd,
 Scoop'd out by human art; or bid the whale
 Drink up the sea it swims in!—Can the less
 Contain the greater? or the dark obscure
 Infold the glories of meridian day?
 What does Philosophy impart to man
 But undiscover'd wonders?—Let her soar
 Even to the proudest heights—to where she caught
 The soul of Newton and of Socrates,
 She but extends the scope of wild amaze
 And admiration. All her lessons end
 In wider views of God's unfathomed depths.

THE ABUSE OF PHILOSOPHY.

H. K. WHITE.

WHAT is Philosophy, if it impart
 Irreverence for the Deity, or teach
 A mortal man to set his judgment up
 Against his Maker's will? The Polygar,
 Who kneels to sun or moon, compar'd with him
 Who thus perverts the talents he enjoys,
 Is the most bless'd of men!

DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

MILTON.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweet,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

LEARNING.

COWPER.

LEARNING has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches; piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
 Has flow'd from lips wet with Castalian dew.
 Such was thy wisdom, NEWTON, child-like sage!
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,
 And in his word sagacious. Such, too, thine,
 MILTON, whose genius had angelic wings,
 And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
 Immortal HALE! for deep discernment praised,
 And sound integrity, not more than famed
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

THE MIND THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

WATTS.

MYLO, forbear to call him blest
 That only boasts a large estate,
 Should all the treasures of the west
 Meet and conspire to make him great.
 I know thy better thoughts, I know
 Thy reason can't descend so low.
 Let a broad stream with golden sands
 Through all his meadows roll,
 He's but a wretch, with all his lands
 That wears a narrow soul.

* * * * *

The mind's the standard of the man.

 REASON AND INSTINCT.

YOUNG.

REASON'S progressive, instinct is complete;
 Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs.
 Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
 Flows in at once; in ages they no more
 Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
 Were man to live coëval with the sun,
 The patriarch pupil would be learning still;
 Yet dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MENTAL WEALTH.

WATTS.

HE that has treasures of his own,
 May leave the cottage or the throne,
 May quit the globe, and dwell alone,
 Within his spacious mind.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS by Heaven were sure design'd
 Less to adorn than to amend the mind :
 Each should contribute to this general end,
 And all to virtue, as their centre, tend.
 Th' acquirements, which our best esteem invite,
 Should not project, but soften, mix, unite ;
 In glaring light not strongly be display'd,
 But sweetly lost, and melted into shade.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

MRS. PHILLIPS.

THE things that make a virgin please,
 She that seeks will find them these :
 A beauty, not to art in debt,
 Rather agreeable than great ;

An eye, wherein at once do meet
 The beams of kindness and of wit;
 An undissembled innocence,
 Apt not to give nor take offence;
 A conversation, at once free
 From passion and from subtlety;
 A face that's modest, yet serene,
 A sober and yet lively mien;
 The virtue which does her adorn,
 By honour guarded, not by scorn;
 With such wise lowliness indued,
 As never can be mean or rude;
 That prudent negligence enrich,
 And times her silence and her speech;
 Whose equal mind does always move,
 Neither a foe nor slave to love;
 And whose religion's strong and plain.
 Not superstitious, nor profane.

SELF-INSPECTION.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thy *glass* will show thee how thy beauties wear,—
 Thy *dial* how thy precious minutes waste,—
 Thy *vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,—
 And of this book this learning may'st thou taste:
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;

Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity :
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these *waste blanks*, and thou shalt find
 Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

FEMALE RETIREMENT RECOMMENDED.

LORD LYTTLETON.

SEEK to be good, but aim not to be great ;
 A woman's noblest station is retreat ;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
 Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.

MENTAL BEAUTY.

COLLINS.

WHO trusts alone in beauty's feeble ray,
 Boast but the worth *Bassora's* pearls display :
 Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright ;
 But dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
 Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
 By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.

Self-flattering sex ! your hearts believe in vain
 That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain ;
 Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
 As spots on ermine beautify the skin.
 Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care,
 Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
 Each tender passion man delights to find,
 The loved perfections of a female mind.

TEMPER.

HAYLEY.

HOMAGE to Virtue as our queen we pay,
 And Wisdom, uttering her commands, obey ;
 Yet fondly own a more attractive power,
 And hail thee, *Temper* ! friend of every hour.

THE VIOLET AND FEMALE CHARMS COMPARED.

MRS HANNAH MORE.

As some fair violet, loveliest of the glade,
 Sheds its mild fragrance on the lonely shade,
 Withdraws its modest head from public sight,
 Nor courts the sun, nor seeks the glare of light ;
 Should some rude hand profanely dare intrude
 And bear its beauties from its native wood,

Exposed abroad its languid colours fly,
 Its form decays, and all its odours die :
 So Woman, born to dignify retreat,
 Unknown to flourish, and unseen be great,
 To give domestic life its sweetest charm,
 With softness polish, and with virtue warm,
 Fearful of fame, unwilling to be known,
 Should seek but Heaven's applauses and her own.
 Hers be the task to seek the lonely cell
 Where modest want and silent anguish dwell,
 Raise the weak head, sustain the feeble knees,
 Cheer the cold heart, and chase the dire disease.
 The splendid deeds which only seek a name,
 Are paid their just reward in present fame ;
 But know, the awful all disclosing day,
 The long arrear of secret worth shall pay ;
 Applauding Saints shall hear with fond regard,
 And He, who witness'd here, shall there reward.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

COWPER.

KNOWLEDGE and wisdom, far from being one,
 Have ofttimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men ;
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
 The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
 Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
 Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
 Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
 Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

STRENGTH.

MILTON.

WHAT is strength, without a double share
 Of Wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties; strength's not made to rule,
 But to subserve, where wisdom bears command.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

DEKKAR.

THE wisdom of this world is idiotism;
 Strength, a weak reed; health, sickness' enemy;
 (And it at length will have the victory;)
 Beauty is but a painting; and long life
 Is a long journey in December gone:
 Tedious and full of tribulation.

F A N C Y.

BEATTIE.

FANCY enervates while it soothes the heart,
 And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night:
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends and endless train
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than mortal
 pain.

TRUE MORAL GREATNESS.

AKENSIDE.

—— WHAT are all the forms
 Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
 Greatness, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
 Not tending to the heart, soon feeble grows;
 As the blunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
 Their impulse on the sense: while the pall'd eye
 Expects in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
 Where are the ornaments it once admired?

FAULTS AFFECT THE ENTIRE MAN.

COWPER.

FAULTS in the life breed errors in the brain;
And these reciprocally those again.
The mind and conduct mutually imprint,
And stamp their image in each other's mint.

FOLLY'S CIRCLE.

THE SAME.

THE rout is Folly's circle, which she draws
With magic wand. So potent is the spell,
That none decoy'd into that fatal ring,
Unless by Heaven's peculiar grace, escape.
There we grow early grey, but never wise;
There form connexions, but acquire no friend;
Solicit pleasure, hopeless of success;
Waste youth in occupations only fit
For second childhood; and devote old age
To sports, which only childhood could excuse.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

YOUNG.

HAPPY of this bad world who little know!
And yet, we much must know her to be safe.
To know the world, not love her, is thy point.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

—— GUARD every thought;
 Who thinks himself secure, is half undone;
 For sin, unwatch'd, may reach the sanctuary:
 'Tis not the place preserves us.

MOTIVE NOT ALWAYS DISCOVERED BY ACTION.

POPE.

NOT actions always show the man; we find
 Who does a kindness is not therefore kind;
 Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast;
 Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east;
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
 Who combats bravely, is not therefore brave;
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
 His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

TRUTH NOT LOCAL.

COWPER.

TRUTH is not local ; God alike pervades
 And fills the world of traffic and the shades,
 And may be fear'd amidst the busiest scenes,
 Or scorn'd where business never intervenes.

THE MIND UNCHANGED BY A CHANGE OF SCENE.

WATTS,

WE shift our chambers, and our homes,
 To dwell where trouble never comes ;
 Sylvia has left the city crowd,
 Against the court exclaims aloud,
 Flies to the woods : a hermit-saint !
 She loathes her patches, pins, and paint.
 Dear diamonds from her neck are torn :
 But Humour, that eternal thorn,
 Sticks in her heart : she's hurried still
 'Twixt her wild passions and her will ;
 Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
 By purling streams and silent groves,
 Or with her fairies, or her loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
 Too cold, too windy, or too wet ;

Change the thick climate, and repair
 To France or Italy for air.
 In vain we change, in vain we fly;
 Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky;
 Go ride upon the feather'd wind,
 In vain: if this diseased mind
 Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
 Faithful disease, that never fails
 Attendance at her lady's side,
 Over the desert or the tide,
 On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

PRESENT BLESSINGS UNDERVALUED.

YOUNG.

LIKE birds, whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,
 'Till mounted on the wing; their glossy plumes
 Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

A TREASURE'S WORTH NOT ESTIMATED.

COWPER.

— Not to understand a treasure's worth
 'Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
 Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
 And makes the world the wilderness it is.

FEW KNOW OR PURSUE THEIR OWN GOOD.

DRYDEN.

Look round the habitable world, how few
 Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
 How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
 What in the conduct of our life appears
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,
 But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!

TRIFLING TOILS.

COWPER.

GREAT crimes alarm the conscience, but it sleeps
 While thoughtful man is plausibly amused:
 Defend me, therefore, common sense, say I,
 From reveries so airy, from the toil
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
 And growing old in drawing nothing up.

FALSE ELOQUENCE.

POPE.

WORDS are like leaves, and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found;
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place.

The face of nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay;
 But true Expression, like the unchanging Sun,
 Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon:
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

SOPHISTRY.

COWPER.

As creeping ivy clings to wood or stone,
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon,
 So Sophistry cleaves close to, and protects
 Sin's rotten trunk, concealing its defects.

BABBLING.

THE SAME.

WHOEVER keeps an open ear
 For tattlers, will be sure to hear
 The trumpet of contention;
 Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
 To listen is to lend him aid,
 And rush into dissension.

SELF CONCEIT.

COWPER.

WHERE men of judgment creep and feel their way,
The positive pronounce without dismay;
Their want of light and intellect supplied
By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
They always are decisive, clear, and strong:
Where others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course;
Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
And gains remote conclusions at a jump;
Their own defect, invisible in them,
Seen in another, they at once condemn;
And though self-idolized in every case,
Hate their own likeness in a brother's face.

VIRTUES AND THE PASSIONS.



VIRTUES AND THE PASSIONS.



V I R T U E.

Y O U N G.

V I R T U E, for ever frail as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world without a stain.
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted; we resolved,
Is shaken; we renounced, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.



V I C E.

P O P E.

V I C E is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;

Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed;
 Ask where's the North, at *York*: 'tis on the *Tweed*;
 No creature owns it, in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
 E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own:
 What happier natives shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

THE GOOD ONLY GREAT.

BEATTIE.

YE proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
 How vain your mask of state!
 The good alone have joy sincere,
 The good alone are great.

VIRTUE AND VICE.

ANON.

VIRTUE, as hard up hill she bent,
 Grew faint, her very soul was spent;
 So down she sat, awhile to rest,
 And lowered her shield beneath her breast;

She slept, and as she slept she smiled;
 A dream had all her cares beguiled.
Vice watched for this, and sent a dart
 That reached—"say not it reached her heart."
 It must have pierced it through and through,
 But with his shield an angel flew;
 E'en through that shield the weapon found
 Its way, and lodged a dangerous wound;
 A wound that *Virtue* bathed with tears,
 For days, for weeks, for months, for years;
 'Twas healed at last; but *Virtue* still
 Bleeds at the thought of drowsy hill.
 When *Virtue* sleeps, nor dreams of pain,
 She'll soon be wounded,—may be slain.

CONTENTED VIRTUE.

WATTS.

HAPPY the soul that *Virtue* shows
 To fix the place of her repose,
 Needless to move; for she can dwell
 In her old grandsire's hall as well.
Virtue that never loves to roam,
 But sweetly hides herself at home,
 And easy on a native throne
 Of humble turf, sits gently down.

BEAUTY HEIGHTENED BY VIRTUE.

SHAKSPEARE.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which *Truth* doth give!
 The Rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The Canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
 But for *their* virtue only is their *show*,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves: sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

MELODY AND VIRTUE COMPARED.

H. K. WHITE.

YES, once more that dying strain,
 Anna, touch thy lute for me;
 Sweet, when Pity's tones complain,
 Doubly sweet is melody.

While the Virtues thus enweave,
 Mildly soft the thrilling song;
 Winter's long and lonesome eve
 Glides unfelt, unseen, along.

Thus when life hath stolen away,
 And the wintry night is near,
 Thus shall Virtue's friendly ray
 Age's closing evening cheer.

TRUE DIGNITY.

BEATTIE.

TRUE dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below,
 Who, every hope and fear to heaven resigned,
 Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.

CONTENTMENT.

DYER.

O MAY I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see!
 Content me with an humble shade;
 My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
 For while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul;
 'Tis then the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

CHARITY.

PRIOR.

CHARITY! decent, modest, easy, kind,
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind :
 Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide
 Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride :
 Not soon provoked, she easily forgives,
 And much she suffers, as she much believes :
 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives ;
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives :
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

 VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

ROWE.

GREAT minds, like heaven, are pleased with doing good,
 Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
 Are barren in return. Virtue does still
 With scorn the mercenary world regard,
 Where abject souls do good, and hope reward ;
 Above the worthless trophies man can raise,
 She seeks not honour, wealth, nor airy praise,
 But, with herself, herself the goddess pays.

HUMILITY.

MRS. FRY.

HUMILITY! the sweetest, loveliest flower
 That bloomed in Paradise, and the first that died,
 Has rarely blossomed since on mortal soil.
 It is so frail, so delicate a thing,
 'Tis gone if it but look upon itself;
 And she who ventures to esteem it hers,
 Proves by that single thought she has it not.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY CONTRASTED.

MRS. STEELE.

—— PRIDE, with haughty port, defies in vain
 The force of rough adversity, which rends
 With double violence the stubborn heart.
 But, like a tender plant, Humility
 Bends low before the threatening blast unhurt,
 Eludes its rage, and lives through all the storm.

* * * * *

Pride is the livery of the Prince of darkness,
 Worn by his slaves, who glory in their shame;
 A gaudy dress, but tarnished, rent, and foul,
 And loathsome to the holy eye of heaven.
 But sweet Humility, a shining robe,
 Bestowed by heaven upon its favourite sons;
 The robe which God approves and angels wear—

Fair semblance of the glorious Prince of light,
 Who stooped to dwell (divine humility!)
 With sinful worms, and poverty, and scorn.

* * * * *

Pride leads her wretched votaries to contempt,
 To certain ruin, infamy, and death.
 But sweet Humility points out the way
 To happiness, and life, and lasting honours.
 Humility how glorious! how divine!
 Thus clothed, and thus enriched, O may I shine;
 Be mine this treasure, this celestial robe,
 And let the sons of pride possess the globe.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

ANON.

TRUTH loses nothing by the beams she throws;
 Error's a snow-ball, gathering as she goes.

VIRTUE AND PLEASURE.

COWPER.

PEACE follows Virtue as its sure reward;
 And Pleasure brings as surely in her train
 Remorse, and Sorrow, and vindictive Pain.

VICE, ITS CLOSE CONNEXION WITH MAN.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

So close our nature is to Vice allied,
 Our very comforts are the source of pride;
 And dress, so much corruption reigns within,
 Is both the consequence and cause of sin.

EVE'S APPLE.

SHAKSPEARE.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

THE REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

THINK not that Heaven views only with applause
 The active merit, and the busy toil
 Of heroes, statesmen, and the bustling sons
 Of public care. These have their just reward
 In wealth, in honours, and the well-earned fame
 Their high achievements bring. 'Tis in this view
 That virtue is her proper recompense:
 Wealth, as its natural consequence, will flow
 From industry; toil with success is crowned;
 From splendid actions high renown will spring:

Such is the usual course of human things ;
 For Wisdom Infinite permits, that thus
 Effects to causes be proportionate,
 And natural ends by natural means achieved.

MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

ANON.

THE mountain pride 'tis vain to sow,
 For not a grain 'twill bear ;
 Humility's a vale, and lo !
 'Tis always harvest there.

With fire that in this mountain glows,
 Not Etna's entrails vie ;
 The eye that knows this valley, knows
 A vista to the sky.

THE VIOLET—EMBLEM OF VIRTUE.

ANON.

SWEETEST little purple flower,
 Found most oft by lonely bower,
 Or in the woodland or the vale,
 Sending forth thy odorous gale.

Thy lovely form of deepened hue,
Is bathed in morn and evening dew;
And in return for nature's store,
Thy balmy fragrance thou dost pour.

Thou liv'st unseen and quite retired,
By all thy kindred unadmired,
Save the pale primrose, who, like thee,
Lies hidden in obscurity.

So virtue shuns the vulgar gaze,
Nor courts the empty breath of praise;
But in the solitary glade
Shines forth, in beauty's self arrayed.

VIRTUE'S AUTUMN.

MRS. STEELE.

WHEN Spring displays her various sweets,—
And opening blossoms cheer the eyes,
And fancy every beauty meets,
Whence does the pleasing transport rise?

Soon will their transient date expire—
They fly, and mock the fond pursuit,
New pleasures then the thought inspire,
And bounteous Autumn yields her fruit.

Where smiling beauties charmed the sight,
 Whose fragrance blessed the vernal hours,
 Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
 And compensate for faded flowers.

Thus, when the Spring of youth decays,
 Though decked with blossoms sweet and fair,
 Autumn a nobler scene displays,
 If fruits of virtue flourish there.

For this the vernal buds arise;
 But if no useful virtues grow,
 Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
 And blossoms only serve for show.

RESIGNATION IN ADVERSITY.

H. K. WHITE.

HAPPY is he, who, though the cup of bliss
 Has ever shunned him when he thought to kiss,—
 Who, still in abject poverty or pain,
 Can count with pleasure what small joys remain;
 Though, were his sight conveyed from zone to zone,
 He would not find one spot of ground his own,
 Yet, as he looks around, he cries with glee,
 These bounding prospects all were made for me:
 For me yon waving fields their burden bear,
 For me yon labourer guides the shining share,

While happy I in idle ease recline,
 And mark the glorious visions as they shine.
 This is the charm, by sages often told,
 Converting all it touches into gold.
 Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
 Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

TRANQUILLITY.

ANON.

CONTEMN the earth, with vigour heaven pursue;
 Ask not what scenes shall open to thy view,
 But learn to drive all anxious thoughts away,
 And whatsoe'er the allotment of the day,
 Or joy, or sorrow, reckon each thy gain;
 So shall thy mind in sweet tranquillity remain.

ODE TO CONTENT.

MRS. STEELE.

Come, charming guest, divine Content,
 And chase my cares away;
 The sweetest bliss to mortals lent,
 Is thy kind healing ray.

Thy presence smooths the face of woe,
 And softens every pain;
 From thee a thousand pleasures flow,
 A guiltless lovely train.

Humility thy steps attends;
 Her sweetly pensive eyes
 To earth in peaceful thought she bends,
 Without a wish to rise.

With cheerful air and look sedate,
 See gentle Patience nigh;
 And Hope, fair sister, smiling wait,
 With heaven-erected eye;

While Faith, kind seraph, points her view
 Beyond the starry plain,
 To the bright worlds where, ever new,
 Immortal pleasures reign.

Thy comforts, O divine Content,
 From those fair regions flow;
 For bliss sincere was never meant
 On earth's low soil to grow.

In cold affliction's dreary shade,
 Fresh-blooming joys are thine;
 Can wintry storms the heart invade,
 When vernal sun-beams shine?

Come, then, thou dear delightful guest,
 Thy loved companions bring;
 Come, take possession of my breast,
 And Winter shall be Spring.

GOODNESS THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

ROWE.

To be good is to be happy ; angels
 Are happier than men, because they're better.
 Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
 The avenging fiend that follows us behind
 With whips and stings : the bless'd know none of this,
 But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
 And find the height of all their heaven is goodness.

THE NOBLEST MINDS.

COWPER.

THE noblest minds their virtue prove
 By pity, sympathy, and love :
 These, these are feelings truly fine,
 And prove their owner half divine.

TEMPERANCE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

HE who can guard 'gainst the low baits of sense,
 Will find Temptation's arrows hurtless strike
 Against the brazen shield of Temperance.
 For 'tis the inferior appetites enthrall
 The man, and quench the immortal light within him;
 The senses take the soul an easy prey,
 And sink the imprisoned spirit into brute.

VIRTUE FOUND CHIEFLY IN OBSCURITY.

GRAHAME.

—Look not for virtuous deeds
 In history's arena, where the prize
 Of fame, or power, prompts to heroic acts.
 Peruse the lives themselves of men obscure;—
 There charity, that robs itself to give;
 There fortitude in sickness, nursed by want;
 There courage, that expects no tongue to praise;
 There virtue lurks, like purest gold, deep hid,
 With no alloy of selfish motive mixed.

CRUELTY TO DUMB ANIMALS.

COWPER.

——DETESTED sport,

That owes its pleasures to another's pain;
 That feeds upon the sobs and dying shrieks
 Of harmless nature; dumb, but yet endued
 With eloquence, that agonies inspire,
 Of silent tears, and heart-distending sighs!
 Vain tears, alas! and sighs that never find
 A corresponding tone in jovial souls!

 LOVE.

WATTS.

STRANGE is thy power, O LOVE! what numerous veins,
 And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
 Are linked, and fastened to a lover's heart
 By strong but secret strings: with vain attempt
 We put the Stoic on, in vain we try
 To break the ties of nature and of blood;
 Those hidden threads, maintain the dear communion
 Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions
 Reciprocal, give endless sympathy
 In all the bitters, and the sweets of life.
 Thrice happy man, if pleasure only knew
 These avenues of love to reach our souls,
 And pain had never found them!

VIRTUOUS FRIENDSHIP.

AKENSIDE.

—Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In nature's fairest forms—is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship? As the candid blush
 Of him, who strives with fortune to be just?
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes?
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
 The gate, where honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scene?

FRIENDSHIP, ITS NATURE DESCRIBED.

WATTS.

—FRIENDSHIP knows
 No property in good, but all things common
 That each possesses, as the light air
 In which we breathe and live: there's not one thought
 Can lurk in close reserve; no barriers fixed,
 But every passage open as the day
 To one another's breast, and inmost mind.

TRUE LOVE UNALTERABLE.

SHAKSPEARE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds;
 Or bends, with the remover to remove:
 O, no! it is an ever fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.

THE JOYS OF FRIENDSHIP.

ROWE.

WHO knows the joys of friendship?
 The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
 The double joys, where each is glad for both?
 Friendship, our only wealth, our last retreat & strength,
 Secure against ill-fortune and the world.

FRIENDSHIP.

WATTS.

FRIENDSHIP, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mixed and joined again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once allied,
And must be joined again.

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

YOUNG.

DELIBERATE on all things with thy friend.
 But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
 Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
 First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;
 Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
 Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
 Judge before friendship, then confide 'till death.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND, & THE FLATTERING FOE.

SHAKSPEARE.

EVERY one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call;
 And with such like flattering,—
 “Pity but he were a king.”
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:

They that fawned on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need,
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep;—
 Thus of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear thee part :
 These are certain signs to know,
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

RECIPROCAL FRIENDSHIP.

YOUNG.

CELESTIAL Happiness, whene'er she stoops
 To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
 And one alone, to make her sweet amends
 For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend :
 Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
 Each other's pillow to repose divine.
 Beware the counterfeit: in passion's flame
 Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
 True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe :
 Virtue alone entenders us for life :
 I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
 Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
 Is Virtue kindling at a rival fire,

And, emulously, rapid in her race.
 Oh the soft enmity! endearing strife!
 This carries friendship to her noontide point,
 And gives the rivet to eternity.

JEALOUSY.

HANNAH GOLDING.

O JEALOUSY! destructive as thou art,
 Whence springs thy influence o'er the withered heart?
 Why is thy power, that lasting source of ills,
 Encouraged still, and cherished while it kills?
 Or art thou from beneath, or from above,
 From slighted friendship or neglected love?
 Or does ambition fan thy fatal flame?—
 Envy and thou are evermore the same.
 With thee a long and dreadful train appears,
 Of sleepless nights and agonizing years.
 Look on the young, the loved, the great, the fair,
 And others' bliss shall be thine own despair.
 What shall elude the swiftness of thy wing,
 Or heal the torment of thy serpent sting?
 O Jealousy! thy fierce envenomed dart
 Makes hell on earth within the human heart:
 Thine iron sceptre unresisted reigns,
 Transfixing mortals with undying pains:
 Mirth, health, and life itself, thou dost destroy,—
 Where'er thy poison spreads, farewell to joy!

JOY OVERBALANCED BY CARE.

WATTS.

ALL earthly joys are over-weighed
 With mountains of vexatious care;
 And where's the sweet that is not laid
 A bait to some destructive snare?

JOYS TO BE TEMPERED BY REFLECTION.

BEATTIE.

O YE, whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
 Who flowery vales in endless view survey,
 Glittering in beams of visionary day;
 O yet while Fate delays the impending woe,
 Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
 Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill.

GRIEF.

WATTS.

—EVERY grief we feel
 Shortens the destined number; every pulse
 Beats a short moment of the pain away,

And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
 Time sweeps us off, and soon we shall arrive
 At life's sweet period: O celestial point,
 That ends this mortal story!

HOPE.

MRS. STEELE.

FRIEND of the fainting mind, whose kindly ray,
 Soft rising o'er affliction's dreary shade,
 Foretells the sweet approach of day,
 And cheers the weary darksome way,
 And bids Dejection raise her languid head.

Celestial Hope, on thy propitious smile
 Calm Patience waits, by thee sustained;
 She ne'er repines, though often pained;
 Untiring through life's various toil,
 She knows to bear
 With placid air,
 Cold wintry storms, and treads down thorny care.

THE USE OF GRIEF.

COWPER.

GRIEF is itself a medicine, and bestowed
 To improve the fortitude that bears the load;
 To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,
 The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.

HOPE IN AFFLICTION.

BEATTIE.

Lo, from amidst affliction's night,
 Hope bursts all radiant on the sight;
 Her words the troubled bosom soothe.
 "Why thus dismayed?
 Though foes invade,
 Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid,
 Who tread the path of truth;
 'Tis I, who smooth the rugged way,
 I, who close the eyes of sorrow,
 And with glad visions of to-morrow
 Repair the weary soul's decay.
 When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
 Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
 Till the freed spirit springs on high
 In raptures too severe for weak mortality."

RESTLESS HOPE.

YOUNG.

RESTLESS Hope, for ever on the wing.
High perched o'er every thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodged beyond the grave.

CHEERFULNESS.

AKENSIDE.

THOU, Cheerfulness, by heaven designed
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining Nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.

PENSIVENESS.

MRS. STEELE.

TELL me, Sylvia, why the sigh
 Heaves your bosom, why the tear
 Steals unbidden from your eye;
 Tell me what you wish or fear.

Providence, profusely kind,
 Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
 Bids you with a grateful mind
 View a thousand blessings rise.

Round you affluence spreads her stores,
 Young health sparkles in your eye,
 Tenderest, kindest friends are yours,
 Tell me, Sylvia, why you sigh.

'Tis, perhaps, some friendly voice
 Softly whispers to your mind,
 "Make not these alone your choice,
 Heaven has blessings more refined:—

"Thankful own what you enjoy;
 But a changing world like this,
 Where a thousand fears annoy,
 Cannot give you perfect bliss;—

“ Perfect bliss resides above,
Far above yon azure sky ;
Bliss that merits all your love,
Merits every anxious sigh.”

When your bosom breathes a sigh,
Or your eye emits a tear,
Let your wishes rise on high,
Ardent rise to bliss sincere.

GRATITUDE.

COWPER.

ONE act, that from a thankful heart proceeds,
Excels ten thousand mercenary deeds.

ENVY.

THOMSON.

BASE envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

CALUMNY.

COWPER.

THE man that dares traduce, because he can
 With safety to himself, is not a man :
 An individual is a sacred mark,
 Not to be pierced in play, or in the dark ;
 But public censure speaks a public foe,
 Unless a zeal for virtue guide the blow.

FORTITUDE.

WATTS.

HE that unshrinking, and without a groan,
 Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
 With mere courageous silence, and come off
 Conqueror ; for the man that well conceals
 The heavy strokes of fate, he bears them well.

AVARICE.

HERBERT.

MONEY, thou bane of bliss, thou source of woe,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine ?
 I know thy parentage is base and low ;
 Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdom which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
 To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich,
 And, while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

AMBITION AND HUMILITY.

FORD.

—THOSE who are lifted highest on
 The hill of honour, are nearest to the
 Blasts of envious fortune; whilst the low
 And humble valley fortunes are far more secure.
 Humble valleys thrive with their bosoms full
 Of flowers, when hills melt with lightning, and
 The rough anger of the clouds.

REVENGE.

POMFRET.

IGNOBLE spirits by revenge are known,
 And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown.

PRESUMPTION.

BEATTIE.

ONE part, one little part, we dimly scan,
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part, perhaps, what mortals deem;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise;—
 O, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies;
 For thou art but of dust;—be humble, and be wise.

P R I D E.

WALLER.

“PRIDE was not made for men;” a conscious sense
 Of guilt, and folly, and their consequence,
 Destroys the claim, and to beholders tells,
 Here nothing but the shape of manhood dwells.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

COWPER.

THE self-applauding bird, the peacock, see,—
 Mark what a sumptuous Pharisee is he;

Meridian sun-beams tempt him to unfold
 His radiant glories, azure, green, and gold :
 He treads as if, some solemn music near,
 His measured steps were governed by his ear ;
 And seems to say,—Ye meaner fowl, give place,
 I am all splendour, dignity, and grace !
 Not so the pheasant on his charms presumes,
 Though he, too, has a glory in his plumes ;
 He, Christian-like, retreats with modest mien,
 To the close copse, or far sequestered green,
 And shines without desiring to be seen.

PRIDE IN MORTALS A CONTRADICTION.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

OH! mean of soul, can wealth elate the heart,
 Which of the man himself is not a part !
 Oh, poverty of pride ! Oh, foul disgrace !
 Disgusted Reason, blushing, hides her face.
 Mortal and proud ! strange contradicting terms !
 Pride for Death's victim, for the prey of worms !
 Of all the wonders which the eventful life
 Of man presents ; of all the mental strife
 Of warring passions ; all the raging fires
 Of furious appetites and mad desires ;
 Not one so strange appears as this alone,
 That man is proud of what is not his own.

TRUE COURAGE.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

TRUE courage is not moved by breath of words;
 While the rash bravery of boiling blood,
 Impetuous, knows no settled principle.
 A feverish tide, it has its ebbs and flows,
 As spirits rise or fall, as wine inflames,
 Or circumstances change: but inborn courage,
 The generous child of Fortitude and Faith,
 Holds its firm empire in the constant soul;
 And, like the stedfast pole-star, never once
 From the same fixed and faithful point declines.

THE PANGS OF AN ACCUSING CONSCIENCE.

AKENSIDE.

——WHAT terrestrial woe can match
 The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
 The bane of others, or enslaved itself
 With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire,
 Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
 Suggested, or despotic rage imposed,
 Were at that season an unwished exchange;
 When the soul loathes herself; when flying thence
 To crowds, on every brow she sees portrayed

Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back
To solitude, her Judge's voice divine
To hear in secret, haply sounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue
To speak the award of justice on herself.

HUMAN LIFE.



HUMAN LIFE.



RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

MOIR.

Who hath not felt a nameless thrill,
When friends of earlier days are met?
And rising in the mind, at will,
Scenes that we never can forget?
Yet the afflicting thought recurs,
That all those golden days are o'er;
And sorrow in the bosom stirs,
To think they shall return no more.



THE LOVE OF EARLY ASSOCIATION.

GRAHAM.

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent!

LIFE UNCERTAIN IN PROSPECTIVE.

H. K. WHITE.

Who can say, however fair his view,
 Through what sad scenes his path may lie?
 Who can give to others' woes his sigh,
 Secure his own will never need it too?

Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
 Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye,
 The illusive past and dark futurity.

 YOUTH A PASSING SCENE.

WATTS.

Youth's a soft scene, but trust her not;
 Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
 Slide off the slippery sphere;
 Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
 The sun has passed his vernal bounds,
 And whirls about his year.

 THE JOYS OF CHILDHOOD.

H. K. WHITE.

BELOVED age of innocence and smiles,
 When each winged hour some new delight beguiles;

When the gay heart, to life's sweet day-spring true,
 Still finds some insect pleasure to pursue.
 Blest childhood, hail!—Thee simply will I sing,
 And from myself the artless picture bring;
 These long-lost scenes to me the past restore,
 Each humble friend, each pleasure now no more;
 And every stump familiar to my sight,
 Recalls some fond idea of delight.

YOUTHFUL FANCIES.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

How fair each form in youthful fancy's eyes,
 Just like the tender flowers of blooming May;
 Like them in all their beauty they arise,
 Like them they fade, and sudden die away.
 We mourn their loss, and wish their longer stay,
 But all in vain;—no more the flowers return,
 Nor fancy's images divinely gay!

INEXPERIENCE.

YOUNG.

SELF-FLATTERED, unexperienced, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,

We cut our cable, launch into the world,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend,
 All in some darling enterprise embarked :
 But where is he can fathom its event ?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
 Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize !
 Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof,
 Full against wind and tide, some win their way ;
 And when strong effort has deserved the port,
 And tugged it into view,—'tis won!—'tis lost !
 Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
 They strike ; and while they triumph, they expire.

INDISCRETION.

COWPER.

PAST indiscretion is a venial crime ;
 And if the youth unmellowed yet by time,
 Bore on his branch, luxuriant then and rude,
 Fruits of a blighted size, austere and crude,
 Maturer years shall happier stores produce,
 And meliorate the well-concocted juice.

YOUNG IDEAS.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

—— Oh! the joy
 Of young ideas painted on the mind,
 In the warm glowing colours fancy spreads
 On objects not yet known, when all is new,
 And all is lovely!

RETROSPECTION.

GRAY.

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

OLD AGE.

MONTGOMERY.

AGE, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
 Creeps with lengthening shadow o'er the scene;
 Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
 And to-day the agony between:
 Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
 Bright and beautiful eternity!

YOUTH AND AGE.

WALLER.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er;
 So calm are we when passions are no more!
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age deseries;
 The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home;
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

THE FRUITS OF AGE.

COWPER.

THE fruits of age, less fair, are yet more sound
 Than those a brighter season pours around ;
 And like the stores autumnal suns mature,
 Through wintry rigours unimpaired endure.

LIFE A RACE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

OUR birth is but a starting place,
 Life is the running of the race,
 And death the goal ;
 There all our steps at last are brought,
 That path alone, of all unsought,
 Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
 Are all those glittering toys of earth
 That lure us here ;
 Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
 Alas! before it bids us wake,
 Ye disappear.

Long ere the damps of death can blight,
 The cheek's pure glow of red and white
 Hath passed away :
 Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair ;
 Age came and laid his finger there,
 And where are they ?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
 The steps that rose so light and gay,
 The heart's blithe tone ?
 The strength is gone, the step is slow,
 And joy grows weariness and woe
 When age comes on.

HUMAN LIFE.

COWPER.

——WHAT is human life?——

* * * * *

A painful passage o'er a restless flood,
 A vain pursuit of fugitive false good,
 A scene of fancied bliss and heart-felt care,
 Closing at last in darkness and despair.
 The poor, inured to drudgery and distress,
 Act without aim, think little, and feel less ;
 And no where, but in feigned Arcadian scenes,
 Taste happiness, or know what pleasure means.

Riches are passed away from hand to hand,
 As fortune, vice, or folly may command;
 As in a dance the pair that take the lead
 Turn downward, and the lowest pair succeed;
 So shifting and so various is the plan,
 By which Heaven rules the mix'd affairs of man:
 Vicissitude wheels round the motley crowd,
 The rich grow poor, the poor become purse-proud;
 Business is labour, and man's weakness such,
 Pleasure is labour, too, and tires as much;
 The very sense of it foregoes its use,
 By repetition palled, by age obtuse.
 Youth lost in dissipation we deplore
 Through life's sad remnant, what no sighs restore;
 Our years, a fruitless race without a prize,
 Too many, yet too few to make us wise.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

CONDER.

WHAT is this world at best,
 Though decked in vernal bloom,
 By hope and youthful fancy dressed,
 What, but a ceaseless toil for rest,
 A passage to the tomb?
 If flow'rets strew
 The avenue,
 Though fair, alas! how fading, and how few!

And every hour comes armed
 By sorrow, or by woe :
 Concealed beneath its little wings,
 A sithe the soft-shod pilferer brings,
 To lay some comfort low :
 Some tie t' unbind,
 By love entwined,
 Some silken bond that holds the captive mind.

And every month displays
 The ravages of time :
 Faded the flowers!—The spring is past!
 The scattered leaves, the wintry blast,
 Warn to a milder clime :
 The songsters flee
 The leafless tree,
 And bear to happier realms their melody.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BEAUMONT.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood,—

E'en such is man—whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring entombed in autumn lies,
 The dew 's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

A DESCRIPTION OF LIFE.

MONTGOMERY.

LIFE is the transmigration of a soul
 Through various bodies, various states of being :
 New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each ;
 In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.
 Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
 Are alway moving onward, alway losing
 Themselves in one another, lost at length,
 Like undulations, on the strand of death.

LIFE A TRAGEDY.

WATTS.

LIFE's a long tragedy : this globe the stage,
 Well fix'd, and well adorn'd, with strong machines,
 Gay fields, and skies, and seas : the actors many ;
 The plot immense : a flight of demons sit
 On every sailing cloud, with fatal purpose ;

And shoot across the scenes ten thousand arrows
 Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
 With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
 The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
 Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

H. K. WHITE.

EMBLEM of life! see changeful April sail
 In varying vest along the shadowy skies,
 Now bidding Summer's softest zephyrs rise,
 Anon, recalling Winter's stormy gale,
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail;
 Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes,
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
 Promise of sunshine, not so prone to fail.
 So to us sojourners in Life's low vale,
 The smiles of Fortune flatter to deceive,
 While still the Fates the web of misery weave;
 So Hope exultant spreads her airy sail,
 And from the present gloom the soul conveys
 To distant summers, and far happier days.

THE LIFE OF MAN COMPARED TO A LITTLE ISLE.

COWPER.

OPENING the map of God's extensive plan,
 We find a little isle, this life of man;
 Eternity's unknown expanse appears,
 Circling around, and limiting his years.
 The busy race examine, and explore
 Each creek and cavern of the dangerous shore,
 With care collect what in their eyes excels,
 Some shining pebbles, and some weeds and shells;
 Thus laden, dream that they are rich and great,
 And happiest he that groans beneath his weight:
 The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
 And every hour sweeps multitudes away;
 They shriek and sink; survivors start and weep,
 Pursue their sport, and follow to the deep.
 A few forsake the throng; with lifted eyes,
 Ask wealth of heaven, and gain a real prize,—
 Truth, wisdom, grace, and peace like that above,
 Sealed with his signet whom they serve and love.
 Scorned by the rest, with patient hope they wait
 A kind release from their imperfect state,
 And unregretted are soon snatched away,
 From scenes of sorrow into glorious day.

THE DANGERS OF LIFE.

H. K. WHITE.

——Who would cherish life,
 And cling unto this heavy clog of clay ;
 Love this rude world of strife,
 Where glooms and tempests cloud the fairest day ;
 And where, 'neath outward smiles
 Concealed, the snake lies feeding on its prey ;
 Where pitfalls lie in every flowery way,
 And sirens lure the wanderer to their wiles !

THE SCENES OF LIFE VARIOUS.

BEATTIE.

FRAIL man, how various is thy lot below !
 To-day though gales propitious blow,
 And Peace, soft gliding down the sky,
 Lead Love along and Harmony ;
 To-morrow the gay scene deforms :
 Then all around
 The thunder's sound
 Rolls rattling on through heavens profound,
 And down rush all the storms.
 Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
 When sweet childhood, ever sprightly,
 In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
 Whither, ah whither, are ye fled !

Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way,
 O, leave him not 'midst tumult and dismay;
 For now youth's eminence he gains:
 But what a weary length of lingering toil remains!

THE LOVE OF LIFE.

YOUNG.

—SHALL aged men, like aged trees,
 Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
 Still more enamoured of this wretched soil?
 Trembling at once with eagerness and age?
 With avarice, and convulsions, grasping hard?
 Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
 Man wants but little; nor that little long;
 How soon must he resign his very dust,
 Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour!
 Years unexperienced rush on numerous ills;
 And soon as man, expert from time, has found
 The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

LIFE JUSTLY ESTIMATED.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

WHEN did Wisdom covet length of days?
 Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise?

No:—Wisdom views with an indifferent eye
 All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
 The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
 Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast :
 A spark, which upward tends by Nature's force ;
 A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
 A drop, dissevered from the boundless sea ;
 A moment, parted from eternity ;
 A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come ;
 An exile, anxious for his native home.

MAN.

COWPER.

WHAT is man in his own proud esteem ?
 Hear him—himself the poet and the theme :
 A monarch clothed with majesty and awe,
 His mind his kingdom, and his will his law ;
 Grace in his mien, and glory in his eyes,
 Supreme on earth, and worthy of the skies ;
 Strength in his heart, dominion in his nod,
 And thunderbolts excepted, quite a God !
 So sings he, charm'd with his own mind and form,
 The song magnificent—the theme a worm !

THE WEAKNESS OF MAN.

H. K. WHITE.

——How weak

Is mortal man, how trifling, how confined
 His scope of vision! Puff'd with confidence,
 His phrase grows big with immortality,
 And he, poor insect of a summer's day!
 Dreams of eternal honours to his name;
 Of endless glory and perennial bays.
 He idly reasons of eternity,
 As of the train of ages,—when, alas!
 Ten thousand thousand of his centuries
 Are, in comparison, a little point
 Too trivial for account.

MAN'S RESEMBLANCE TO INSECTS.

THOMSON.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
 The quivering nations sport, till, tempest-winged,
 Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,

A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on,
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

THE PIOUS MAN.

H. K. WHITE.

—THE pious man,
 In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
 Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
 Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
 Of ether, where the day is never veiled
 With intervening vapours; and looks down
 Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
 The earth's fair breast; that sea whose nether face
 To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
 But on whose billowy back, from man conceal'd,
 The glaring sunbeam plays.

MAN'S IGNORANCE OF WHAT IS BEST.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

—So weak is man,
 So ignorant and blind, that did not God
 Sometimes withhold in mercy what we ask,
 We should be ruined at our own request.

MAN INSIGNIFICANT.

H. K. WHITE.

How insignificant is mortal man,
 Bound to the hasty pinions of an hour :
 How poor, how trivial in the vast conceit
 Of infinite duration, boundless space !

THE RESTLESSNESS OF MAN.

WATTS.

MAN is a restless thing : still vain and wild,
 Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child.
 His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound,
 To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
 And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
 For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul !
 'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
 And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

LILIES AND MAN COMPARED.

YOUNG.

QUEEN lilies ! and ye painted populace !
 Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives !
 In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,

And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to glow,
And outblush * * * * * ev'ry fair :

* * * * *
* * * * *

Ye lovely fugitives!

Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share, indeed,
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

AFRICAN NEGRO.

MONTGOMERY.

IN these romantic regions man grows wild;
Here dwells the Negro, nature's outcast child,
* * * * *
Is he not man, though knowledge never shed
Her quickening beams on his neglected head?
Is he not man, though sweet religion's voice
Ne'er bade the mourner in his God rejoice?
Is he not man, by sin and suffering tried?
Is he not man, for whom the Saviour died?
Belie the Negro's powers:—in headlong will,
Christian! thy brother thou shalt prove him still;
Belie his virtues; since his wrongs began,
His follies and his crimes have stamp'd him man.

THE HAPPY MAN DESCRIBED.

COWPER.

HE is the happy man, whose life e'en now
 Shows somewhat of that happier life to come ;
 Who, doomed to an obscure, but tranquil state,
 Is pleased with it, and were he free to choose
 Would make his fate his choice ; whom peace, the fruit
 Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
 Prepare for happiness ; bespeak him one
 Content indeed to sojourn while he must
 Below the skies ; but having there his home.
 The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
 Of objects, more illustrious in her veiw ;
 And, occupied as earnestly as she,
 Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

H. K. WHITE.

O THAT the sum of human happiness
 Should be so trifling, and so frail withal,
 That when possess'd it is but lessen'd grief!
 And even then there's scarce a sudden gust
 That blows across the dismal waste of life,
 But bears it from the view.

MAN THE SAME IN ALL AGES.

H. K. WHITE.

———Look on man

Myriads of ages hence.—Hath time elapsed?
 Is he not standing in the self-same place
 Where once we stood? The same eternity
 Hath gone before him, and is yet to come;
 His past is not of longer span than ours,
 Though myriads of ages intervened;
 For who can add to what has neither sum,
 Nor bound, nor source, nor estimate, nor end?
 Oh! who can compass the Almighty mind?
 Who can unlock the secrets of the High?
 In speculations of an altitude
 Sublime as this, our reason stands confess'd—
 Foolish, and insignificant, and mean.

GOD'S CARE OF MAN.

THE SAME.

———SING hosanna, sing,

And hallelujah, for the Lord is great
 And full of mercy! He has thought of man;
 Yea, compass'd round with countless worlds, has thought
 Of we poor worms, that batten in the dews
 Of morn, and perish ere the noon-day sun.

He gave the Nubian lion but to live,
 To rage its hour, and perish; but on man
 He lavish'd immortality, and Heaven.
 The eagle falls from her aerial tower,
 And mingles with irrevocable dust:
 But man from death springs joyful,
 Springs up to life and to eternity.

CARE THE COMMON LOT OF MAN.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

ESTEEM none happy by their outward air;
 All have their portion of allotted care.
 Though Wisdom wear the semblance of content,
 When the full heart with agony is rent,
 Secludes its anguish from the public view,
 And by secluding, learns to conquer too;
 Denied the fond indulgence to complain,
 The aching heart its peace may best regain.
 By love directed, and in mercy meant,
 Are trials suffered, and afflictions sent;
 To stem impetuous Passion's furious tide,
 To curb the insolence of prosperous Pride,
 To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
 To that blest clime where pain shall be no more;
 Where wearied Virtue shall for refuge fly,
 And every tear be wiped from every eye.

WOE THE LOT OF MORTALS.

FALCONER.

WHILE through the rugged path of life we go,
 All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe;
 The famed, and great, decreed to equal pain,
 Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain,
 For this prosperity with brighter ray,
 In smiling contrasts gilds our vital day.

VICISSITUDES UNIVERSAL.

BEATTIE.

OF chance, or change, O let not man complain,
 Else shall he never never cease to wail:
 For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
 Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
 All feel the assault of Fortune's fickle gale;
 Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
 Earthquakes have raised to Heaven the humble vale,
 And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
 And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have
 bloomed.

PROVIDENCE EQUAL.

ANON.

SOME rich, some poor, thro' all the world you'll find;
 'Hence Folly cries,—“Sure Providence is blind!”
 But Wisdom holds, what sets the matter clear—
 Hope dwells with Poverty;—with Riches, Fear.

ROYALTY.

MILTON.

——A MONARCH'S crown,
 Golden in show, is but a crown of thorns;
 Brings danger, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
 To him who wears the regal diadem,
 When on his shoulder each man's burden lies:
 For therein lies the office of a king;
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise;
 That for the public all its weight he bears.

DESCRIPTION OF A CROWN.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

——UNHAPPY state of kings!
 'Tis well the robe of majesty is gay,
 Or who would put it on? A crown! What is it?
 Is it to bear the miseries of a people;

To hear their murmurs, feel their discontents,
 And sink beneath a load of splendid care!
 To have your best success ascribed to Fortune,
 And Fortune's failures all ascribed to you?
 Is it to sit upon a joyless height,
 To every blast of changing Fate exposed!
 Too high for hope, too great for happiness!
 For friendship too much fear'd! to all the joys
 Of social freedom, and the endearing charm
 Of liberal interchange of soul, unknown?

THINK ON THE POOR.

ANON.

As you sit in warm circles, secure from the tempest,
 Nor feel the keen storm, as it drifts on the moor,
 Yet shut not your door 'gainst the wandering stranger,
 But learn from your blessings to pity the poor.

When the cold northern blast blows both chilly and rudely,
 And the rain patters hard at your windows and door,
 As you hear the blast howl look round on your comforts,
 And heave a kind sigh for the indigent poor.

Oft lift up the latch of chill poverty's dwelling,
 Explore the sad mansion where care sits obscure,
 Behold tears of want wash the withering bosom,
 Then think of your Saviour, and give to the poor.

The winter presents a sad gloomy dark aspect,
 In clusters the icicles hang at the door :
 Red berries they grace the brown thorn for the songster,
 But you must relieve the hard lot of the poor.

Remember that soon we must sink in that dwelling,
 Where riches no sort of distinction procure :
 That leveller, Death, and the grave our last mansion,
 Must mingle our dust with the dust of the poor.

POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

GRAHAME.

AH me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
 They tell a mournful tale ; some blooming friend
 Is gone : dead in her prime of years : 'twas she,
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
 With angel tongue pleaded to those who could ;
 With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she prayed
 For longer life, with heart resigned to die.—
 Rejoiced to die, for happy visions bless'd
 Her voyage's last days, and hovering round,
 Alighted on her soul, giving presage
 That heaven was nigh:—O, what a burst
 Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy

Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are closed;
 She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
 Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
 In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
 Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
 Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
 Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

VIRTUOUS SORROWS NOTED IN HEAVEN.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

HEAVEN notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves,
 Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
 And from the cheek of patient sorrow, wipes
 The tear, by mortal eye unseen or scorn'd.

THE CONTENTED POOR.

COLLINS.

THRICE happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
 Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

THE POOR WISE MAN.

DEKKER.

———A WISE man, poor,
 Is like a sacred book that's never read ;
 To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead :
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
 Than of a thread-bare saint, in Wisdom's school.

THE POOR MAN'S BOUNTY.

GRAHAME.

THE poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
 Is prized more highly in the sight of Him
 Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
 That scarce can know their countless treasures less :
 Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's breast
 To see distress, and feel his willing arm
 Palsied by penury, ascends to heaven ;
 While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
 Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.

THE POOR TOIL FOR THE RICH.

COWPER.

GRUDGE not, ye rich, (since luxury must have
 His dainties, and the world's more numerous half

Lives by contriving delicates for you,)
 Grudge not the cost; ye little know the cares,
 The vigilance, the labour, and the skill,
 That day and night are exercised, and hang
 Upon the ticklish balance and suspense,
 That ye may garnish your profuse regales
 With summer fruits brought forth by wintry suns.

THE CHASE OF PLEASURES.

WATTS.

THE chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
 While the bright sands of health run wasting down,
 And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
 To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
 And one gold age dissolves our feeble frame;
 But there's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,
 And with the hero race immortal kindred claim.

THE DELUSION OF PLEASURE.

H. K. WHITE.

SAY, why does man, while to his opening sight
 Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,

And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
 And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
 Why does he pant for vice's deadly charms?
 Why clasp the syren Pleasure to his arms?
 And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
 Though fraught with ruin, infamy and death?
 Could he who thus to vile enjoyment clings,
 Know what calm joy from purer sources springs;
 Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
 The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,—
 No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
 The deadly chalice would no more allure,
 But the sweet potion he was wont to sip,
 Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

PLEASURES WHICH WIN TO WOUND.

DALE.

THE light wave sparkling in the beam
 That trembles o'er the river,
 A moment sheds its quiv'ring gleam,
 Then shuns the sight for ever:
 So soft a ray can pleasure shed,
 While secret snares surround it,
 So swift that faithless hope is fled,
 Which wins the heart to wound it.

EARTHLY BLISS A DELUSION.

WATTS.

BRIGHT and lasting bliss below
 Is all romance and dream ;
 Only the joys celestial flow
 In an eternal stream.
 The pleasures that the smiling day
 With large right-hand bestows,
 Falsely her left conveys away,
 And shuffles in our woes.
 So have I seen a mother play,
 And cheat her silly child :
 She gave and took a toy away,
 The infant cried and smiled.

THE THREATENINGS OF PROSPERITY.

YOUNG.

O how portentous is Prosperity !
 How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines !
 Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition,
 To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
 And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
 When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
 With recent honours, bloomed with every bliss,
 Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
 The gaudy centre, of the public eye ;

When Fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
 Snatched from the covert of an humble state,
 How often have I seen him dropt at once,
 Our morning's envy, and our evening's sigh!
 As if her bounties were the signal given,
 The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
 And call Death's arrows on the destined prey.

DIFFICULTIES TO FAME.

BEATTIE.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
 The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
 Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
 Has felt the influence of malignant star,
 And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
 Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frowns,
 And Poverty's unconquerable bar;
 In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
 Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied, and unknown.

THE LOVE OF POSTHUMOUS FAME.

YOUNG.

WE wish our names eternally to live:
 Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
 Had not our natures been eternal too.

Instinct points out an interest in hereafter ;
 But our blind reason sees not where it lies ;
 Or seeing, gives the substance for the shade

FAME.

H. K. WHITE.

SAY, foolish one—can that unbounded fame,
 For which thou barterest health and happiness,—
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave ;
 Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs
 Of everlasting punishment condign ?
 Alas ! how vain are mortal man's desires !
 How fruitless his pursuits ! Eternal God !
 Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,
 And oh ! assist me so to live on earth,
 That I may die in peace, and claim a place
 In thy high dwelling. — All but this is folly,
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

POWER.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

OH ! dangerous pinnacle of power supreme !
 Who can stand safe upon its treacherous top,

Behold the gazing prostrate world below,
Whom depth and distance into pigmies shrink,
And not grow giddy?

PROSPERITY.

POPE.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
And who stands safest? tell me, is it he
That spreads, and swells in puffed prosperity!
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care,
In peace, provides fit arms against a war.

FIRMNESS IN PROSPERITY.

ROWE.

With such unshaken temper of the soul
To bear the swelling tide of prosperous fortune,
Is to deserve that fortune. In adversity
The mind grows tough by buffeting the tempest;
But in success dissolving, sinks to ease,
And loses all her firmness.

PLEASURE'S SLAVERY.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

——PLEASURE'S slave,
 Though bound in silken chains, and only tied
 In flowery fetters, seeming light and loose,
 Is more subdued than the rash casual victim
 Of anger or ambition; these indeed
 Burn with a fiercer but a short-lived fire;
 While Pleasure with a constant flame consumes.

THE RILLS OF PLEASURE POLLUTED.

WATTS.

THE rills of pleasure never run sincere;
 (Earth has no unpolluted spring)
 From the cursed soil some dangerous taint they bear;
 So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

PLEASURE A DREAM.

R. MONTGOMERY.

O PLEASURE! brief as bright thou art,
 A momentary ray,—
 A dream rolled o'er a vacant heart,
 To please and die away.

NO SWEET WITHOUT A BITTER.

COWPER.

—EVERY drop of honey hides a sting;
 Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers;
 And even the joy, that haply some poor heart
 Derives from heaven, pure as the fountain is,
 Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
 From touch of human lips, at best impure.

PURSUIT AFTER HAPPINESS.

THE SAME.

No longer I follow a sound,
 No longer a dream I pursue;
 O happiness not to be found!
 Unattainable treasure, adieu!

I have sought thee in splendour and dress, —
 In the regions of pleasure and taste;
 I have sought thee, and seemed to possess, —
 But have proved thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope,
 The voice of true wisdom inspires;
 'Tis sufficient, if peace be the scope,
 And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love ;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

SECLUSION.

H. K. WHITE.

GIVE me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where, far from cities, I may spend my days,
And by the beauties of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways.
While on the rock I mark the browsing goat,
List to the mountain-torrent's distant noise,
Or the hoarse bittern's solitary note,
I shall not want the world's delusive joys ;
But with my little scrip, my book, my lyre,
Shall think my lot complete, nor covet more ;
And when my time shall wane the vital fire,
I'll raise my pillow on the desert shore,
And lay me down to rest where the wild wave
Shall make sweet music o'er my lonely grave.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

GAY.

WHAT happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
Such happiness, and such unblemished fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame;
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease:
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs;
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs;
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No home-bred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool:
Thus flow her hours, with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

RETIREMENT.

COWPER.

HACKNEYED in business, wearied at that oar
 Which thousands, once fast chained to, quit no more,
 But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
 All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
 The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
 Pant for the refuge of some rural shade,
 Where, all his long anxieties forgot
 Amid the charms of a sequestered spot,
 Or recollected only to gild o'er,
 And add a smile to what was sweet before,
 He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
 Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
 Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
 And, having lived a trifler, die a man.

HAPPINESS.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

O HAPPINESS, celestial fair,
 Our earliest hope, our latest care,
 Oh hear our fond request!
 Vouchsafe, reluctant Nymph, to tell
 On what sweet spot thou lov'st to dwell,
 And make us truly blest.

Amidst the walks of public life,
 The toils of wealth, ambitious strife,
 We long have sought in vain ;
 The crowded city's noisy din,
 And all the busy haunts of men,
 Afford but care and pain.

Pleased with the soft, the soothing power
 Of calm Reflection's silent hour,
 Sequester'd dost thou dwell ?
 Where care and tumult ne'er intrude,
 Dost thou reside with solitude ?
 Thy humble votaries tell.

O Happiness ! celestial fair,
 Our earliest hope, our latest care,
 Let us not sue in vain !
 O deign to hear our fond request,
 Come take possession of our breast,
 And there for ever reign.

SOLITUDE CONDUCTIVE TO HAPPINESS.

THE SAME.

SWEET Solitude, thou placid queen
 Of modest air, and brow serene !
 'Tis thou inspir'st the sage's themes,
 The poet's visionary dreams.

Parent of virtue, nurse of thought!
By thee were saints and patriarchs taught;
Wisdom from thee her treasures drew,
And in thy lap fair science grew.

Whate'er exalts, refines, and charms,
Invites to thought, to virtue warms;
Whate'er is perfect, fair, and good,
We owe to thee, sweet Solitude.

In these blest shades, O still maintain
Thy peaceful, unmolested reign!
Let no disordered thoughts intrude
On thy repose, sweet Solitude!

With thee the charm of life shall last,
Although its rosy bloom be past;
Shall still endure when time shall spread
His silver blossoms o'er my head.

No more with this vain world perplex'd,
Thou shalt prepare me for the next;
The springs of life shall gently cease,
And angels point the way to peace.

ON HAPPINESS.

MRS. STEELE.

BELINDA to her utmost wish is blest!
 But stay, my friend—that hasty thought review—
 New wishes yet will rise to break your rest;
 And if not lasting, can your bliss be true?

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
 The toil is fruitless if you seek it there;
 'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
 And never blooms, but in celestial air.

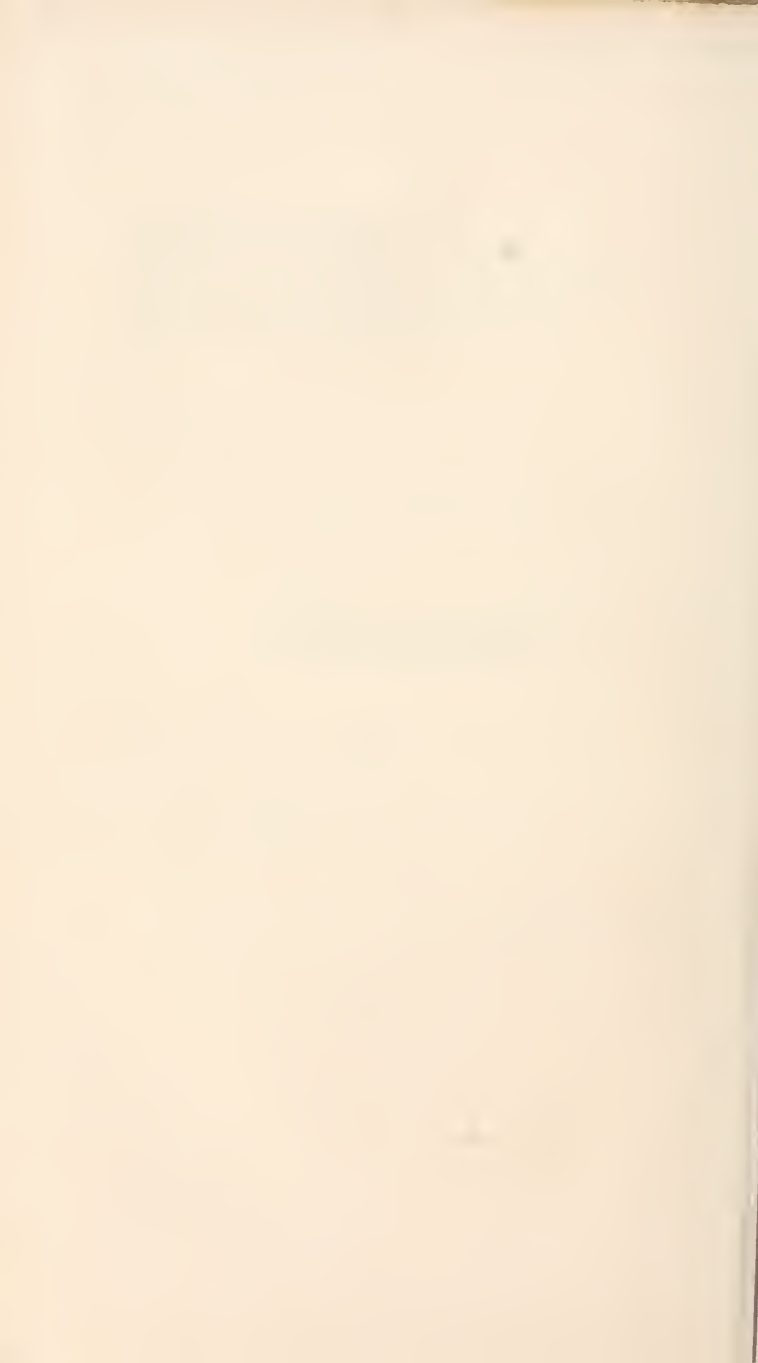
Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
 In here and there a mind of heavenly mould;
 It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
 To blossom fair,—the climate is too cold.

Ah! no, Belinda, you have only found
 Some flower that charms your fancy, gaily drest
 In shining dyes, a native of the ground,
 And think you are of happiness possest.

But mark its date, to-morrow you may find
 The colours fade, the lovely form decay;
 And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,
 Which blooms and fades, the solace of a day?

O may your erring wishes learn to rise
Beyond the transient bliss which fancy knows !
Search not on earth, explore its native skies !
There happiness in full perfection grows.

NATURE AND TIME.



NATURE AND TIME.



THE BEAUTIES OF CREATION.

COWPER.

FROM dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress when she lectures man
In heavenly truth ; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives, and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year ;
He marks the bounds which winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury ; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art ;
And, ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

THE SUN.

THOMSON.

GREAT source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write, with every beam, his praise.
 The thunder rolls; be hushed the prostrate world:
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.

THE PLANETS.

THE SAME.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first the unwieldy planets launched along
 The illimitable void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their laboured monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
 To the kind-tempered change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,
 Minutely faithful. Such the all-perfect Hand
 That poised, impels, and rules the steady whole.

S U N S E T.

JOHNSON.

VEILING in clouds his gorgeous brow,
Whilst far his parting glories spread,
The king of day, majestic, slow,
Sinks on the crimsoned ocean's bed.

Now lower, and still lower yet,—
A moment, and he disappears;
'Tis past,—his godlike form is set,
To shine the life of other spheres.

But still a radiance fires the skies,
Far up the regions of the west,
Brightening, with deep vermilion dyes
The horizon, where he sank to rest.

So when, his goal of glory won,
The Christian sinks in Death's embrace,
A thousand deeds of goodness done,
Leave on the heart their hallowed trace.

So when, my earthly trial past,
I yield to Heaven's all-righteous doom,
May justice, truth, and friendship cast
Their glorious halo round my tomb.

THE RAINBOW.

H. VAUGHAN.

STILL young and fine! but what is still in view
 We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new;
 How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
 Thy burning, flaming arch did first descry;
 When Zerah, Nahor, Haram, Abram, Lot,
 The youthful world's grey fathers, in one knot,
 Did, with intente looks, watch every hour
 For thy new light, and trembled at each shower.
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
 Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
 Rain gently spends his honey drops, and pours
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
 Bright pledge of peace and sunshine! the sure tie
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
 Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
 And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

 THE HARMONY OF NATURE.

YOUNG.

THE planets of each system represent
 Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
 Sweet interchange of rays, received, returned;

Enlightening and enlightened! All, at once,
 Attracting and attracted! Patriot-like,
 None sins against the welfare of the whole;
 But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
 Affords an emblem of millennial love.

THE BEAUTIES OF NIGHT.

THE SAME.

How is night's sable mantle laboured o'er,
 How richly wrought with attributes divine!
 What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
 This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
 Built with divine ambition!

THE SILENCE OF NIGHT.

THE SAME.

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
 Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

EARTHLY DELIGHTS GRAND, VIEWED AT
A DISTANCE.

WATTS.

EARTH, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn
With glaring colours, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confused the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

NATURE BEYOND THE POWER OF ART.

THOMSON.

——Who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

THE EVENING CLOUD.

WILSON.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,—
 Long had I watched the glory moving on,
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
 E'en in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

THE WORKS OF GOD AND MAN CONTRASTED.

COWPER.

OH, how unlike the complex works of man,
 Heaven's easy, artless, unencumbered plan!
 No meretricious graces to beguile,
 No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
 From ostentation as from weakness free,
 It stands like the cerulean arch we see.

EARTH GOD'S FOOTSTOOL.

WATTS.

EARTH, thou great footstool of our God,
 Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
 Of all our raiment, life, and food;
 Our house, our parent, and our nurse;
 Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
 Dressed with strong and gay machines,
 Hung with golden lamps around—
 And flowery carpets spread the ground—
 Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
 That hangs unpillared in an empty space!
 While thy unwieldy weight rests on the feeble air,
 Bless that Almighty Word that fixed and holds thee there.

 WINTER.

THOMSON.

——WINTER spreads his latest glooms
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain! Behold, fond man!
 See here thy pictured life; pass some few years,
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,—
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene.

SEASONS.

BISHOP HEEBER.

WHEN Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing
 soil,

When Summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil,
 When Winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the
 flood,

In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love
 the shade ;

The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the drowsy
 glade ;

The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way ;
 The moon and stars, their Master's name in silent pomp
 display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
 Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny ?

No ; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease
 to be,

Thee, Master, must we always love, and Saviour, honour
 thee.

'The flowers of Spring may wither, the hope of Summer
fade,
The Autumn droop in Winter, the birds forsake the
shade;
The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon forget their
old decree,
But we, in Nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to
thee!

BLUSHING DAY.

ANON.

DAY rises blushing, and well blush she may,
For when she rises, what a task has day!
Copy for man, but when will man be wise?
He to his task without a blush can rise.
If day still blushes, that has acted right,
What cause has man for blushing every night!

CHANGING SEASONS.

YOUNG.

—DAY follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes the example. See the Summer gay
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn; Winter grey,

Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
 Blows autumn and his golden fruits away;
 Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;
 As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

THE UNIVERSE MADE FOR MAN.

WATTS.

'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, (while
 We sojourn strangers here,) the fruitful earth
 Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
 Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
 For us this cheerful sun, and cheerful light,
 Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky
 Hangs, a rich canopy, above our heads,
 Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
 Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
 For us Time wears his wings out; Nature keeps
 Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands.

ALTERNATE LIGHT AND SHADE.

MRS. STEELE.

THE gifts indulgent heaven bestows,
Are variously conveyed;
The human mind, like nature, knows
Alternate light and shade.

While changing aspects all things wear,
Can we expect to find
Unclouded sunshine all the year,
Or constant peace of mind?

More gaily smiles the blooming spring,
When wintry storms are o'er;
Retreating sorrow thus may bring
Delights unknown before.

NATURE BOUNTIFUL.

BEATTIE.

LIBERAL, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are planned,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.

NATURE AN INSTRUCTRESS.

MRS. STEELE.

—WHILE the eye roves o'er the blooming mead
 With careless pleasure, or the listening ear
 Attends the soothing music of the grove,
 Think whither does the soft enchantment tend?
 Are Nature's various beauties lent for this,
 Only to please the sense? For nobler ends
 The God of nature gave them. Nature spreads
 An open volume, where, in every page,
 We read the wonders of almighty power,
 Infinite wisdom, and unbounded love.
 Here sweet instruction, entertaining truths
 Reward the searching mind, and onward lead
 Enquiring thought; new beauties still unfold,
 And opening wonders rise upon the view.
 The mind rejoicing, comments as she reads;
 While through the inspiring page, conviction glows,
 And warms to praise her animated powers.

TIME'S IMPERCEPTIBLE PROGRESS.

H. K. WHITE.

STILL on its march, unnoticed and unfelt,
 Moves on our being. We do live and breathe,
 And we are gone. The spoiler heeds us not,
 We have our spring-time and our rottenness;

And as we fall, another race succeeds,
 To perish likewise.—Meanwhile nature smiles—
 The seasons run their round—the sun fulfils
 His annual course—and heaven and earth remain
 Still changing, yet unchanged—still doomed to feel
 Endless mutation in perpetual rest.

RETROSPECTION, WHY OFTEN MELANCHOLY.

YOUNG.

WHEN in this vale of years I backward look,
 And miss such numbers; numbers too of such,
 Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
 And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
 To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
 I still survive: and am I fond of life,
 Who scarce can think it possible I live?
 Alive by miracle!

TIME DETERIORATES IN ITS PROGRESS.

COWPER.

THE town has tinged the country, and the stain
 Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
 The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
 Down into scenes still rural; but, alas,

Scenes rarely graced with rural manners now!
 Time was, when, in the pastoral retreat,
 The unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
 To invade another's right, or guard their own.
 Then sleep was undisturbed by fear, unscared
 By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
 Of midnight murder, was a wonder heard
 With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
 But farewell now to unsuspecting nights,
 And slumbers unalarmed! Now, ere you sleep,
 See that your polished arms be primed with care,
 And drop the night-bolt;—ruffians are abroad,
 And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
 May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
 To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
 Even day-light has its dangers; and the walk
 Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
 Of other tenants than melodious birds,
 Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.

THE ADVANCES OF TIME.

YOUNG.

WE see Time's furrows on another's brow,
 And Death intrenched preparing his assault:
 How few themselves in that just mirror see!
 Or seeing, draw their inference as strong!

THE RAVAGES OF TIME.

SHAKSPEARE.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
 Nativity, once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his sithe to mow.

FLEETING MINUTES.

FORD.

MINUTES are numbered by the fall of sands,
 As by an hour-glass; the span of time
 Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it.
 An age of pleasures, revelled out, comes home
 At last, and ends in sorrow: but the life,
 Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
 Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down;
 So to conclude calamity in rest.

TIME AND THE FLOWING STREAMS COMPARED.

COWPER.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
 Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
 The silent pace, with which they steal away,
 No wealth can bribe, nor prayers persuade to stay;
 Alike irrevocable both when past,
 And a wide ocean swallows both at last.
 Though each resemble each in every part,
 A difference strikes at length the musing heart:
 Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
 How laughs the land with various plenty crowned!
 But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
 Neglected, leaves a dreary waste behind.

 THE WASTE OF TIME.

YOUNG.

WE waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live.
 Time wasted is existence, used is life.
 And bare existence, man, to live ordained,
 Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why? since time was given for use, not waste;
 Injoined to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,

To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
 Time's use was doomed a pleasure ; waste a pain ;
 That man might feel his error, if unseen ;
 And feeling, fly to labour for his cure,
 Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.

TO-MORROW.

COWLEY.

TO-MORROW you will live, you always cry ;
 In what far country does this morrow lie,
 That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive?
 Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
 'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
 'Twill be both very old and very dear.
 To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;
 To-day itself's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

FUTURITY.

CONGREVE.

SEEK not to know to-morrow's doom ;
 That is not ours which is to come.

The present moment's all our store;
 The next, should heaven allow,
 Then this will be no more :

So all our life is but one instant now.

Look on each day you've past
 To be a mighty treasure won :
 And lay each moment out in haste ;
 We're sure to live too fast ;
 And cannot live too soon.

Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
 Which from decrepit age will fly ;
 The flowers that flourish in the Spring,
 In Winter's cold embraces lie.

METHUSELAH.

BERNARD BARTON.

SUCH is thy striking record ; with a sigh
 Some may peruse it ; yet to others fraught
 With cogent matter for instructive thought,
 Which every heart might to itself apply.
 Doth it not place before the spirit's eye,
 That looks upon life's span as wisdom ought,
 The end to which its longest lapse is brought ?
 Thou livedst all these years—at last to die !

What is the sum of thy experience? What
 The lesson taught by thy protracted days,
 To each, to all? To ponder well our ways,
 Nor murmur at our own contracted lot,
 Knowing that centuries could avail us not,
 If lengthened years spoke not the Giver's praise.

EACH HAS HIS APPOINTED HOUR.

COWPER.

ALL has its date below ; the fatal hour
 Was registered in heaven ere time began.
 We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
 Die too : the deep foundations that we lay,
 Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
 We build with what we deem eternal rock :
 A distant age asks where the fabric stood ;
 And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
 The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

ANON.

WHAT varied musings swell
 On the full breast ! What varied scenes appear
 To Memory's eye, as breathes the closing year
 Its whispers of farewell !

Such thoughts, such scenes arise,
 As bear deep lessons to the wavering brain;
 Fair dreams are chastened by the lengthening train
 Of dark realities.

Yes—Pleasure's gale has passed
 Swiftly around us, fostering gentle flowers,
 That bloom not through the chilly winter hours,
 Beneath affliction's blast.

But oh! this earth has not
 Delights to lure us 'midst its bowers to stay!
 Her loveliest fruits spring up to fade away,
 Her joys—to be forgot.

O'er Time's long pathway spread,
 The snares of guilt our careless steps await.
 Affections cold, which beamed so warm of late,
 And sweet hopes withered.

Yet when along our path
 Temptation's shafts are poured, or darkest woes,
 List we to Reason's voice—'tis Heaven bestows
 Sorrows, but not in wrath.

From them, from them we learn
 How frail, how nothingless are earthly joys;
 And to high regions where no worm destroys,
 Our noblest hopes to turn.



RELIGION.

RELIGION.

THE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

DRYDEN.

How but from God, could men unskilled in arts,
In different ages born, in different parts,
Weave such agreeing truths, or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price!

GOD'S OMNIPOTENCY.

MONTGOMERY.

With God a thousand years are as one day;
He in one day can sum a thousand years:
All acts with him are equal; for no more
It costs Omnipotence to build a world,
And set a sun amidst the firmament,
Than mould a dew-drop, and light up its gem.

GOD A SPIRIT.

THE SAME.

God is a spirit, veiled from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his counsel and his face;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgments mark him every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT.

MILTON.

——Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

ADORATION.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

COME, taste the glories of the new-born day,
And grateful homage to its Author pay!
Oh! ever may this animating sight
Convey instruction while it sheds delight!
Does not that sun, whose cheering beams impart
Joy's glad emotions to the pure in heart;
Does not that vivid power teach every mind
To be as warm, benevolent and kind;
To burn with unremitted ardour still;
Like him to execute their Maker's will?
Then let us, Power Supreme! thy will adore,
Invoke thy mercies, and proclaim thy power.
Shalt thou these benefits in vain bestow?
Shall we forget the fountain whence they flow?
Teach us through these to lift our hearts to Thee,
And in the gift the bounteous Giver see,
To view Thee as thou art, all good and wise;
Nor let thy blessings hide thee from our eyes.
From all obstructions clear our mental sight;
Pour on our souls thy beatific light!
Teach us thy wondrous goodness to revere,
With love to worship, and with reverence fear—
In the mild works of thy benignant hand,
As in the thunder of thy dread command.
In common objects we neglect thy power,
While wonder shines in every plant and flower.

TRUE WISDOM.

MILTON.

——ATTAIN the sum

Of *Wisdom*; hope no higher, though all the stars
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
 And all the rule, one empire; only add
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
 Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
 By name to come called charity, the soul
 Of all the rest.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON, WHEN HE WAS ABOUT ELEVEN YEARS
 OF AGE.

ALMIGHTY Framers of the skies!
 O let our pure devotion rise,
 Like incense in thy sight!
 Wrapt in impenetrable shade
 The texture of our souls was made,
 Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed the ray,
 Refined the darkness into day,
 And bid the vapours fly :
 Impell'd by his eternal love,
 He left his palaces above,
 To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate this day,
 When God appeared in mortal clay,
 The mark of worldly scorn ;
 When the Archangels' heavenly lays,
 Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
 And hailed Salvation's morn.

A humble form the Godhead wore ;
 The pains of poverty he bore ;
 To gaudy pomp unknown :
 Though in a human walk he trod,
 Still was the man, Almighty God,
 In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
 The torments of this vale of tears ;
 Nor bid his vengeance rise ;
 He saw the creatures he had made
 Revile his power, his peace invade ;
 He saw with mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate his name,
 Who groaned beneath a life of shame,
 In all afflictions tried;
 The soul is raptured to conceive
 A truth which being, must believe,
 The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers, adore,
 Upon devotion's plumage soar,
 To celebrate the day;
 The God from whom creation sprung
 Shall animate my grateful tongue;
 From him I'll catch the lay.

CALVARY.

HULBERT.

DEATH! 'twas thy triumph—prouder far
 Than all the deluged earth could bring;
 Immanuel bows beneath thy ear!
 Submits to thee, the sinless King!

But soon he bursts thy dark domains!
 The conquered conquers Sin and thee,
 And millions, rising from their chains,
 Shout—"Grave, where is thy victory?"

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

COWPER.

—WITHOUT Christ all gain is loss,
 All hope despair, that stands not on his cross;
 Except the few his God may have impress'd,
 A tenfold frenzy seizes all the rest.

THE GOSPEL.

ANON.

THE Gospel first, like morning rose,
 'Tis now a noon-day sun;
 O to improve the beams it throws,
 Before its race be run !

It shows the road where sinners stray ;
 They're lost if there they die :
 It shows us Virtue's better way,
 O thither let us fly !

There, now and then a thorn may tear,
 Yet there choice flowers abound ;
 Pardon, that sweetest flower is there,
 On this side heavenly ground.

Sweet path! and not like folly's mead,
 That can't be safely trod:
 Here God's own hand the traveller leads,
 Till travellers reach their God.

SABBATH.

GRAHAME.

HAIL, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day.
 The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
 The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
 While, wandering slowly up the river side,
 He meditates on *Him*, whose power he marks
 In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
 As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
 Around its roots; and while he thus surveys,
 With elevated joy, each rural charm,
 He hopes, yet fears presumption in the hope,
 That heaven may be one Sabbath without end.

SABBATH MORNING.

HULBERT.

THE sun is up—o'er all the joyous earth,
 His morning smiles announce the Sabbath's birth;
 O'er all the sky his deepening blushes glow,
 And gleam reflected in the streams below.

'The *Sabbath* comes! O list to Nature's lay,
 The linnet's simple matin hails the day;
 The wild bee's cheerful hum, the lowing kine,
 The river's murmur,—all are now divine.
 The *Sabbath* comes! the gladsome lands reply,—
 "Hail day of rest, of piety and joy!"
 From every verdant bank, and wavy wood,
 The hymn rebounding sweeps along the flood;
 And Earth exulting o'er a *Sabbath* born,
 Pours the rejoicing lay, and owns the sacred morn.

* * * * *

Sweet day! no toils, no dangers wait on thee,
 While heaven descends in fervent piety:
 'Tis *Sin* alone that scatters thorns and tears
 O'er the fair path which leads to happier spheres;
 Then come, blest Spirit! Lord of *Sabbath*, come,
 Make our full hearts thy bright sabbatic home;
 Let every day become a *Sabbath* now,
 And every *Sabbath* more celestial grow;
 That thus advancing, as thy grace is shown,
 We scarce may feel the journey to thy throne;
 Save when the soul one mighty effort makes,
 And glad in death her gloomy fetters breaks;
 Mounts free from sin, and all the week of toils,
 To spend one endless *Sabbath* in thy smiles!

THE COMFORTS OF RELIGION.

MRS. STEELE.

O BLEST Religion, heavenly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade;

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall lose its rage
At thy divine control.

Through life's bewildered, darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thy aid!

O let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief.

PRAYER THE POOR MAN'S BEST RESOURCE.

GRAHAME.

PRAYER is the poor man's glory and his gain,
 The oblivion of his cares, and rest from pain;
 His guiding star, the anchor of his soul,
 When the wind beats, and stormy billows roll;
 Strength to his spirit 'mid exhausting strife—
 A drop of water from the well of life.
 The proud may spurn him, and false friends desert—
 God makes his temple in the contrite heart.

MAN STRENGTHENED BY GRACE.

SPENSER.

AH me! how many perils do enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And stedfast truth acquit him out of all!

EVENING PRAYER.

REV. T. DALE.

SHOULD some seraph wing his flight,
From the realms of cloudless light,
Earth and ocean soaring over,
Where would he delight to hover?

Not o'er halls of regal pride;
Not o'er fields with carnage dyed,
Where, 'mid shouts of triumph breathing,
Fame the hero's brow is wreathing;

Not o'er cells of letter'd age;
Not o'er haunts of hoary sage;
Not where youthful poet stealing,
Wooes the muse's warm revealing;

Not o'er wood or shadowy vale,
Where the lover tells his tale,
And the blush—love's fondest token—
Speaks what words had never spoken;

Not where music's silver sound
Wakes the dormant echoes round,
And with charms as pure as tender,
Holds the heart in pleased surrender.

O'er the calm sequestered spot,
 O'er the lone and lowly cot,
 Where, its little hands enwreathing,
 Childhood's guileless prayer is breathing;

While the gentle mother nigh,
 Points the daughter's prayer on high,
 To the God whose goodness gave her,
 To the God whose love shall save her;—

There, awhile, the Son of Light
 Would arrest his rapid flight;
 Thence would bear, to Heaven ascending,
 Prayers with heartfelt praises blending.

Gladly would he soar above,
 With the sacrifice of love;
 And, through Heaven's expanded portal,
 Bear it to the throne immortal!

DIVINE CONSOLATION.

MILTON.

MANY are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,

All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought :
 But with th' afflicted, in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint :
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

HULBERT.

THERE is a tear, for those that weep,
 There is for all the weary, sleep,
 There is a hope, for those who sigh,
 There is a rest, for those who die.

No rest is here from irksome pain,
 One throb transpires—it throbs again;
 But there is rest where willows wave,
 Yea! sweeter rest beyond the grave.

Hope, can the wounded spirit bind,
 And Faith, can bid the fainting mind
 Repose upon the Saviour's grace,
 But Sin, can find no resting place.

In Jesu's arms we all may rest,
 And lose our troubles in his breast;
 No more the soul need long for peace,
 Nor languish for a resting place.

D E A T H.

PARNELL.

DEATH's but a path that must be trod,
 If man would ever pass to God.
 A port of calms, a state to ease
 From the rough rage of swelling seas.

DEATH INVADES ALL THINGS.

BLAIR.

SEPULCHRAL columns wrestle but in vain
 With all subduing Time; his cank'ring hand
 With calm deliberate malice wasteth them;
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,

The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up his charge;
 Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
 Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

DEATH AND PLEASURE.

YOUNG.

DEATH treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
 When Pleasure treads the path which Reason shuns;
 When against Reason Riot shuts the door,
 And Gaiety supplies the place of Sense,
 Then foremost, at the banquet and the ball,
 Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly dye,
 Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.

THE IMAGE OF DEATH IMPRESSED ON ALL
 MORTAL SCENES.

BISHOP HEBER.

DEATH rides on every passing breeze,
 He lurks in every flower;
 Each season has its own disease,
 Its peril every hour!

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
 Of youth's soft cheek decay,
 And Fate descried in sudden night
 On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age
 Halt feebly towards the tomb,
 And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
 And dreams of days to come?

Turn mortal, turn! thy danger know;
 Where'er thy foot can tread
 The earth rings hollow from below,
 And warns thee of her dead!

Turn Christian, turn! thy soul apply
 To truths divinely given;
 The bones that underneath thee lie
 Shall live for Hell, or Heaven.

THE SOUL.

WATTS.

THE soul! 'tis of the immortal kind,
 Nor form'd of fire, of earth, or wind,
 Out-lives the mouldering corpse, and leaves the globe
 behind.

In limbs of clay though she appears,
 Arrayed in rosy skin and deck'd with ears and eyes,
 The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
 'There's nothing in her frame kin to the dress she wears ;
 From all the laws of matter free,
 From all we feel, and all we see,
 She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE SOUL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy Body's end ?
 Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store :
 Buy terms Divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more :
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
 And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

JUDGMENT.

BISHOP HEBER.

THE world is grown old, and her pleasures are past;
 The world is grown old, and her form may not last;
 The world is grown old, and trembles for fear;
 For sorrows abound, and Judgment is near!

The sun in the Heaven is languid and pale;
 And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale;
 And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,
 For the world is grown old, and Judgment is near!

The king on his throne, the bride in her bower,
 The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour;
 The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer;
 For the world is grown old, and Judgment is near!

The world is grown old; but should we complain
 Who have tried her, and know that her promise is vain?
 Our heart is in heaven, our home is not here,
 And we look for our crown when Judgment is near.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

BEHOLD the chamber where the christian sleeps,
And where from year to year he prays and weeps;
Whence in the midnight watch his thoughts arise
To those bright mansions where his treasure lies,
—How near it is to all that Faith can see!
How short and peaceful may his passage be!
One beating pulse,—one feeble struggle o'er,
May open wide the everlasting door.
Yes, for that bliss unspeakable, unseen,
Is ready, and the veil of flesh between
A gentle sigh may rend,— and then display
The broad full splendour of an endless day.
—This bright conviction elevates his mind;
He presses forward, leaving all behind:
Thus from his throne the tyrant foe is hurl'd:
—This is the faith that overcomes the world.

MISCELLANIES.



MISCELLANIES.



TO SYLVIA.

MRS. STEELE.

My lovely Sylvia, while in blooming youth
Your mental powers are active, sprightly, gay,
Attend the voice of friendship and of truth,
That courts your notice in the moral lay.

Those active powers the Lord of nature gave
To Reason's rule, by choice alone confined,
For Reason's empire never knew a slave;
Her sway is gentle, and her laws are kind.

Her subjects take their orders from her eye,
While she to each their various task assigns;
And now o'er Nature's ample field they fly,
A field, far richer than Peruvian mines.

Here with unwearied diligence they rove,
 Collecting treasures to enrich the mind;
 And many a flower and plant in dale or grove,
 Of virtues rare, and fadeless bloom, they find.

And now with treasures fraught, returning home,
 Before their queen display the shining spoil,
 Arranged in beauteous order round the dome,
 Her approbation crowns the pleasing toil.

When chill'd by time's cold hand, those sprightly powers,
 Inclined to rest, inactive, cease to roam,
 Those mental stores shall cheer the wintry hours,
 And flowers unfading breathe their sweets at home.

Extracting food amid the vernal bloom,
 So flies the industrious bee around the vale;
 With native skill she forms the waxen comb,
 To keep for wintry days the rich regale.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

REV. J. WILLIAMS.

WHILST ranging where the roses bloom,
 The muse would fain descry,
 Why some the lily-white assume,
 And some the crimson dye.—

The cause was sought, but sought in vain,
 Thro' mazes dark and long;
 Till *Fancy* sang her mystic strain,
 And *Truth* improved the song.

Nigh where the Tree of Knowledge grew,
 In Eden's hallowed ground,
 Among the bushy shrubs, that threw
 Their guardian arms around ;

A snow-white rose to every gale
 Its lovely beauties spread,
 Large sweets diffusing thro' the vale—
 No roses *then* were red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve
 To dress and keep* the ground,
 His bride, well-pleased her lord to serve,
 Would range the garden round—

To cull the fruits, and tend the flowers,
 And mark their early bloom ;
 With those she strewed her leafy bowers
 Surcharged with rich perfume.

* Gen. ii. 15.

Where grew the rose, she often sped,
 To gather fresh supplies,
 And daily from their mossy bed,
 The new-blown beauties rise.

One morn (a sad and luckless morn)
 She hither bent her way;
 But ah! less heedful of return,
 Her wishes went astray.

Her eye the Tree of Knowledge caught,
 With golden fruitage crown'd;
 But when a free access she sought
 No free access she found.

For shrub or flower there thickly sprung
 To check the wayward foot,
 And in deep file their branches flung
 Around the sacred fruit.

Yet, urged by Satan's false pretence,*
 (Prime source of all our woes,)
 She dared to break the blooming fence,
 And trampled on the rose.

* Gen. iii. 4, 5.

Unawed she stretched the impious hand,
 The alluring sweets to prove ;
 Regardless of the Lord's command,*
 Regardless of His love.

The injur'd flower beheld the theft,
 And, wounded, hung its head ;
 The native white its petals left,
 Which, blushing, changed to red.

Its foliage wept a dewy shower,
 And mourn'd the strange event ;
 Eve turn'd, and saw the impassioned flower,
 And marvell'd what it meant.

Awhile she stood and gazed thereon
 Till, trembling, she withdrew,
 Unconscious she had trampled on
 The fairest flower that grew.

Ere this event of sin and shame,
 No prickly thorns were found :
 But now they burst from ev'ry stem,
 And with the rose abound.

* Gen. ii. 17.

Here *Fancy* paused—and *Truth* began
 New wonders to disclose ;
 For lo! the dearest friend of man
 Lies couched beneath the rose.

This only, trodden to the ground,
 Dishonoured, blush'd a red ;
 'Twas *Sharon's Rose** that felt the wound,
 'Twas Sharon's Rose that bled.

Th' atrocious deed no sooner done
 Than Christ the victim stood ;†
 In purest white his Godhead shone,‡
 His manhood bathed in blood.

And hence the roses now unite,
 To set forth Him that bled ;
 This wears the *justifying white*,
 And that the *atoning red*.

A thousand beauties those may yield,
 But never can disclose
 Half of the sweets that lie concealed,
 In Sharon's matchless Rose.

* Cant. ii. 1.

† Rev. xiii. 8.

‡ Col. ii. 9.

Wouldst thou its balmy blessings share ?

Then seize the present hour ;

And, in thy bosom, ever wear *

This sweet, this lovely flower.

LINES

On the death of Miss AZUBAH CLARK, who died at the station of Gorukkpore, in the Presidency of Bengal, July 25th, 1826,—aged nineteen years and five months.

W. B. C.

FROM Britain's green and flowery isle,
To India's bright and burning soil,
Gently transplanted, bathed in dew,
A lily of the valley grew.

The sun beheld it, in the shade,
Veiling its pure and lowly head ;
From glare of day retiring, meek,
Within its leaves, a shelter seek.

The cup of white,—the leaf of green,
In spite of effort would be seen ;
And after all seclusion did,
Fragrance and grace could not be hid.

* Ephes. iii. 17.

Death, wafted on the eastern blast,
 Passed by,—and kissed it as he passed ;
 It humbly bowed its drooping head,
 And faded on its foreign bed.

But though to every passer by
 It withered seemed—it could not die ;
 A few days gone—and those who sought
 The blighted flowret, found it not,

For there came One who loved the flower,
 And took it home to deck His bower ;
 Bore it away beyond the skies,
 To blossom in His Paradise.

 TO A FLOWER.

MRS. STEELE.

EMBLEM of Aminta's form,
 Blossom elegant and fair,
 Young Aminta has a charm
 Flowers like thee can never wear.

In her mind good-nature blooms,
 Fairer than thy spotless white ;
 Flowers, diffusing sweet perfumes,
 While it glads the gazer's sight.

Though the lily and the rose
 Mix their beauties in her face,
 This with sweeter lustre glows,
 Lustre heightening every grace.

Nor be this alone her praise,
 While the Muse's friendly eye
 Many a fragrant bud surveys,
 Bud, where latent beauties lie :

O may every mental grace,
 Ripening fair, its bloom display,
 More than emulate her face,
 Bloom, which never can decay.

THE HELIOTROPE.

GENT.

THERE is a flower whose modest eye
 Is turn'd with looks of light and love,
 Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,
 Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
 Her fond idolatry is fled;
 Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
 The loving eye is cold and dead.

Canst thou not trace a moral here,
 False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
 Let but an adverse cloud appear,
 And thou art faithless as the flower!

FLOWERS.

CLARE.

BOWING adorers of the gale,
 Ye *Conslips*, delicately pale,
 Upraise your loaded stems;
 Unfold your cups in splendour, speak!
 Who decked you with that ruddy streak,
 And gilt your golden gems?

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfil;
 Go bid the artist's simple strain
 Your lustre imitate, in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

Daises, ye flowers of lowly birth,
 Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
 That stud the velvet sod;
 Open to spring's refreshing air,
 In sweetest smiling bloom declare
 Your Maker, and my God.

THE HAWTHORN.

REV. J. WILLIAMS.

MYSTERIOUS thorn! I hail thy rugged form,
 Late the rude sport of many a wintry storm;
 Nature's prime curse! now deck'd with lovely flowers;
 As if the first dire spell had lost its powers,
 And thou wert now no bane.—Yes, on the day
 When Jesus, dying our great debt to pay,
 Exclaimed, “ ’Tis finish'd ”—on his awful head,
 With sacred joy the thorn first blossomed—
 So paints my fancy. But in thee is seen
 True emblem of afflictions, sharp and keen,
 Which, blest by Him, produce a flowery gem,
 More sweet than that which decks thy prickly stem.
 Bloom on, rude shrub, and may I learn from thee,
 To bloom amid the pangs of keenest misery.

THE APPLE.

THE SAME.

*Addressed to a Young Lady, who wished to know of the Author, why
a fine yellow Apple, which she presented him, was so beautifully
tinged with red?*

“RESOLVE this doubt,” the beauteous fair one cries,
 “Why the rich red the golden apple dyes?”
 I’ll tell thee, love—when Eve, with fearless foot,
 Approach’d to gather the forbidden fruit,
 The conscious apple blush’d those crimson stains,
 And in remembrance still the blush retains:
 Seek then no fruit from a forbidden tree,
 Lest it turn pale, and lose its blush for thee.

THE POPLARS.

COWPER.

THE poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse* on his bosom their image receives.

* The river Ouse.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
 And the scene, where his melody charmed me before,
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must, ere long, lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in my stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
 I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys;
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

THE SWALLOW.

MADAME GUION.

I AM fond of the swallow—I learn from her flight,
 Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of love:
 How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
 She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air.
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows,
It is winged like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
And dreading the cold, still follows the sun—
So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be love, and our nourishment prayer;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth;
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare,
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely if ever she settles below,
But when for her young she is building a nest;
Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought on a place not design'd for her rest.

Let us leave it ourselves—'tis a mortal abode—
To bask every moment in infinite love;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road,
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

—THE sad nightingale, in some green wood
 Closely embowered, the cruel hind arraigns,
 Who from their pleasant nest her plumeless brood
 Has stolen,—while she with pains
 Winged the wide forest for their food, and now,
 Fluttering with joy, returns to the loved bough—
 The bough where nought remains:
 Dying with passion and desire, she fills
 A thousand concords from her various bill,
 Till the whole melancholy woodland rings
 With gurglings sweet, or with philippics shrill.
 Throughout the silent night she not refrains
 Her piercing note and her pathetic cry,
 But calls, as witness to her wrongs and pains,
 The listening stars, and the responding sky.

THE DOVE.

MOORE.

THE Dove let loose in eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
 Above all low delay;
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from earthly care,
 From pride and passion free,
 Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
 To hold my course to thee.

No lure to tempt, no art to stay
 My soul, as home she springs:
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

THE BUTTERFLY.

MRS. STEELE.

PRETTY vagrant of the air,
 Emblem of the thoughtless fair:
 Near akin their life and thine,
 Both a fleeting summer shine.
 Short delight your charms impart,
 Charms to catch the human heart:
 Hearts that can be caught with show,
 The virtuoso or the beau.

Thoughtless nymphs are butterflies,
 Different species, larger size ;
 Strangers both to needful care,
 Fluttering, roving here and there ;
 Basking in the vernal ray,
 Trifling out the summer's day :
 Summer's day from youth to age,
 Trifles all their cares engage :
 But when wintry storms arise,
 Beauty fades, and pleasure dies.
 Me let nobler cares employ,
 Cares which terminate in joy.
 Ere the summer sunbeams flee,
 Let me, like the frugal bee,
 Well improve the smiling hour,
 Gathering sweets from every flower.
 O may virtue's charms be mine,
 Charms that still increasing shine !
 These will cheer the wintry gloom,
 These will last beyond the tomb.

THE BUTTERFLY.

ANON.

COME, Chloe, view with curious eye
 This painted form—a butterfly :
 With all the colours of the bow,
 Behold its gaudy plumage glow.

The sea-green emerald's vivid hue—
 The modest sapphire's heav'nly blue—
 The ruby's rosy tint, that vies
 In blushes with the morning skies :
 Here gold emits a radiant blaze—
 There silver shines with paler rays.
 Behold, my fair, with sweet surprise,
 The living mass of jewels flies,
 Reflecting all the rays of light,
 Beyond the birth-day princess bright.
 But know, fair nymph, that one short day
 Beholds it glitter and decay :—
 First from a worm it took its birth,
 Again a worm it crawls on earth :
 So all our glittering belles and beaus,
 Alike from worms at first arose—
 Alike to worms again shall turn—
 Their bed the dust that fills their urn.
 In death then equal, ere you die,
 Be something more than Butterfly.

GLOW-WORM.

ANON.

LITTLE being of a day,
 Glowing in thy cell alone,
 Shedding light with mystic ray,
 On thy path, and on my own ;

Dost thou whisper to my heart?—
 Though I grovel in the sod,
 Still I mock man's boasted art
 With the workmanship of God.

See! the fire-fly in his flight
 Scorning thy terrene career,—
 He, the eccentric meteor bright,
 Thou, the planet of thy sphere.

Why, within thy cavern damp,
 Thus with trembling haste dost cower?
 Fear'st thou I would quench thy lamp,—
 Lustre of thy lonely bower!

No!—Regain thy couch of clay,
 Sparkle brightly as before:
 Man should dread to take away
 Gifts he never can restore.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

Matt. x. 30.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE insect that with puny wing,
 Just shoots along one summer ray;
 The floweret, which the breath of spring
 Wakes into life for half a day;

The smallest mote, the tenderest hair—
All feel one common Father's care.

E'en from the glories of his Throne,
He stoops to view this wandering ball,
Sees all, as if that all were one !

Loves one, as if that one were all ;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

Matt. xiii. 44.

THE SAME.

O WHERE can this treasure be found,
This gem so transcendent in worth ?
Not in folly's tumultuous round,
Or the glittering assemblies of mirth.

Far, far from commotion and strife,
Mid pastures sequester'd and green,
Beneath the pure waters of life,
Sleeps the pearl in its beauty serene.

A ray must descend from above,
Ere its hidden retreat can be known ;
One beam from the Saviour of love
Will disclose it, and make it our own.

OH! HAD I WINGS LIKE YONDER BIRD.

WEIR.

OH! had I wings like yonder bird,
 That soars above its downy nest,
 I'd fly away, unseen, unheard,
 Where I might be for aye at rest.

I would not seek those fragrant bowers,
 Which bloom beneath a cloudless sky,
 Nor could I rest amidst the flowers,
 That deck the groves of Araby.

I'd fly—but not to scenes below,
 Though ripe with every promis'd bliss;
 For what's the world?—a garnished show—
 A decorated wilderness.

Oh! I would fly and be at rest,
 Far, far beyond each glittering sphere
 That hangs upon the azure breast,
 Of all we know of heaven here.

And there I'd rest amidst the joys,
 Angelic lips alone can tell:
 Where bloom the bowers of paradise—
 Where songs in sweetest transports swell.

There would I rest, beneath that throne,
 Whose glorious circle gilds the sky;
 Where sits Jehovah, who alone
 Can wipe the mourner's weeping eye.

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

BISHOP HEBER.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield!
 Hark to Nature's lesson given
 By the blessed birds of Heaven!
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy;
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
 God provideth for the morrow!

Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle than the rose?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare,
 Than we, poor citizens of air?
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily.
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:
 God provideth for the morrow!

One there lives whose guardian eye
 Guides our humble destiny;
 One there lives who, Lord of all,
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall:
 Pass we blithely then, the time,
 Fearless of the snare and lime,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow:
 God provideth for the morrow!

SOLILOQUY.

MISS JANE TAYLOR.

HERE's a beautiful earth, and a wonderful sky,
 And to see them, God gives us a heart and an eye;
 Nor leaves us untouched by the pleasures they yield,
 Like the fowl of the heaven, or the beast of the field.

The soul, though encumbered with sense and with sin,
 Can range through her own mystic chambers within;
 Then soar like the eagle, to regions of light,
 And dart wondrous thoughts to the stars of the night.

Yea more, it is gifted with visions so keen
 As to know the unknown, and to see the unseen;
 To glance at eternity's numberless days,
 Till dazzled, confounded, and lost in the maze.

Nor this will suffice it;—O wonderful germ
 Of infinite blessing vouchsaf'd to a worm!
 It quickens, it rises, with boundless desires,
 And heaven's the lowest to which it aspires.

Such, such is the soul, though bewildered and dark;
 A vital, ethereal, unquenchable spark:
 Thus onward, and upward, by nature it tends;—
 Then wherefore descends it? ah! whether descends?

Soon droops its light pinion, borne down by a gust,
 It flutters, it falters;—it cleaves to the dust;
 Then feeds upon ashes—deceived and astray;
 And fastens and clings to the perishing clay.

For robes that too proud were the lilies to wear—
 For food we divide with the fowls of the air—
 For joy that just sparkles, and then disappears,
 We drop from heaven's gate, to this valley of tears.

How tranquil and blameless the pleasures it sought,
 While it rested within the calm region of thought!
 How fraught with disgust, and how sullied with woe,
 Is all that detains and beguiles it below!

O thou, who when silent and senseless it lay,
 Didst breathe into life the inanimate clay,
 Now nourish and quicken the languishing fire,
 And fan to a flame that shall never expire!

THE PLACE OF REST.

MARY ANNE BROWN.

I AM weary of life, I am tired of the earth,
Of its dark sorrows and boisterous mirth,
Of its changeful scenes, its uncertain joys,
Its wo that frowns, and its pleasure that cloy,
Of its dreams that delude the youthful breast:
—Would I could find me a place of rest!

I sought in a land far beyond the sea,
Where the flowers came forth in radiancy,
Where shone the clearest and sunniest sky;
But alas! I found that the flowers would die,
That clouds would o'ershadow the heaven's blue breast;
And I left it,—for me 'twas no place of rest!

I returned again to the sport of my birth;
But change had come on its cheerful hearth:
Some were now wanderers o'er the far wave,
Some were at peace in the lonely grave:
There were still some hearts that were not estranged;
But, except their affections, all things were changed!

There were voices beloved, but the tremulous tone
 Told of the years that had over them gone;
 There were brows that scarce touch'd by Time's dark-
 ening wing,
 Look'd like the lingering flowers of spring;
 There were smiles—but they only shone on decay,
 Like the fading light on the dying day.

There were heads, with whose sunny clustering hair
 Was mingled the early snow of care;
 There were eyes,—but where was their once bright hue?
 A mist of tears had come over their blue:
 Oh! I brook'd not to look on such altered things,
 And I stayed not there my wanderings.

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd,
 I mingled awhile with the gay and the proud;
 I strove to be happy, I strove to smile,
 But the days pass'd heavily on the while;
 And though every hour with pleasure was fraught,
 It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude,
 I hoped to find quiet by mountain and wood;
 But, alas! when the spirit would use its wings,
 And mingle with grand and glorious things,
 'Tis fetter'd by clay to its mortal sphere:
 —Rest there was none for my bosom here.

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
 The bright stars sparkled like gems on high;
 Before me lay the mighty deep,
 Still murmuring on in its peaceless sleep—
 And I thought, as I looked on its heaving breast,
 "There is indeed no place of rest!"

But there came a still small voice through the gloom—
 "Thing of the dust! return thee home:
 Is it thine to repine at the will of Him,
 Before whom yon glorious stars are dim?
 Pray that sins may be forgiven;
 Hope for a resting place in heaven."

"THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN."

ANON.

CAN angel-spirits need repose,
 In the full sun-light of the sky?
 And, can the veil of slumber close
 A cherub's bright and blazing eye?

Have seraphim a weary brow,
 A fainting heart, an aching breast?
 No, far too high their pulses flow,
 To languish in inglorious rest.

How could they sleep amid the bliss,
 The banquet of delight above?
 Or bear for one short hour to miss
 The vision of the Lord they love?

Oh! not the death-like calm of sleep
 Could still the everlasting song:
 No fairy dream, or slumber deep,
 Entrance the wrapt and holy throng.

Yet not the lightest tone was heard
 From angel-voice, or angel-hand;
 And not one plumed pinion stirr'd
 Among the bow'd and blissful band:

For there was silence in the sky,
 A joy not angel-tongues could tell,
 As from its mystic fount on high,
 The peace of God in stillness fell.

Oh! what is silence here below?
 The quiet of conceal'd despair,
 The pause of pain, the dream of woe?—
 It is the rest of rapture there.

And to the wayward pilgrim here,
 More kindred seems that perfect peace
 Than the full chant of joy to hear
 Roll on, and never, never cease.

From earthly agonies set free,
 Tir'd with the path too slowly trod,
 May such a silence welcome me
 Into the palace of my God!

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

WATTS.

SWEET muse, descend and bless the shade,
 And bless the evening grove,—
 Business, and noise, and day are fled,
 And every care but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
 Mine is a purer flame :
 No Phillis shall infect the air
 With her unhallowed name.

Jesus has all my powers possess,
 My hopes, my fears, my joys :
 He, the dear sovereign of my breast,
 Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
 Shall flock around my song,
 With joy to hear the name they love
 Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
 And hold the falling floods,
 While silence sits on every bough,
 And bend the listening woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
 And every wounded tree
 Shall drop and bear some mystic mark,
 That Jesus died for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
 Inscribed on all the grove,
 That Heaven itself came down and bled
 To win a mortal's love.

CONSIDER TO-DAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

O! LET the soul its slumber break,
 Arouse its senses and awake,
 To see how soon
 Life with glories glides away,
 And the stern footstep of decay
 Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
 Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
 But grief at last ;
 How still our present happiness
 Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
 Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
 Down which our flying minutes glide
 Away so fast ;
 Let us the present hour employ,
 And deem each future dream of joy
 Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
 No happier let us hope to find
 To-morrow than to-day.
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
 Like them the present shall delight—
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
 That into one engulfing sea
 Are doomed to fall :
 The sea of death, whose waves roll on,
 O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
 And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
 Alike the humble riv'lets glide
 To that sad wave;
 Death levels poverty and pride,
 And rich and poor sleep side by side
 Within the grave.

THE BETTER LAND.

MRS. HEMANS.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band;
 Mother, oh where is that radiant shore,—
 Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?
 “Not there, not there, my child.”

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies;
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
 “Not there, not there, my child.”

It is far away, in some region old,
 Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,—
 Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
 And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
 And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
 Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

“Not there, not there, my child.”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
 Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
 Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
 Sorrow and Death may not enter there;
 Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
 For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
 It is there, it is there, my child!”

UNRECORDED GRAVES.

CATHERINE GODWIN.

THE tombs of princes, they are found
 Amidst cathedral halls,
 With gold and marble glistening round
 The high and trophied walls;
 And crown and sceptre, imaged fair,
 Proclaiming proudly who lies there.

They of the red right hand, whose fame
 Hath fill'd the wondering world,
 They, too, sepulchral honours claim,
 And sleep with banners furl'd—
 A glorious and triumphant band—
 Among the great ones of the land.

And it is well:—an empire's lord
 Should fill a gorgeous grave;
 They of the senate and the sword,
 Let them due honours have:
 Thrice holy, if a nation's love
 Have rank'd them with the just above.

But where are they, the nameless dead!
 Who, since the birth of Time,
 Their life-blood generously have shed
 In Freedom's cause sublime?
 Ay, where are they?—No trophy waves
 Above their unrecorded graves.

And where your martyrs, radiant Truth!
 Who, on the flaming pyre,
 In hoary age, in blooming youth,
 Have stood baptized with fire?
 Their death-songs have gone up to heaven,—
 Where are their sacred ashes driven?

Ask we the winds,—the rushing blast
 Hath borne them far and wide:
 Some in the forest's depths are cast,
 Some on the green hill's side.
 Oh that meet fruits might crown such seed!
 That were a harvest rich indeed!

Rear, rear the cenotaph;—but no—
 'Twere better thus to rest,
 Like gems whose hidden glories glow
 Deep, deep in Nature's breast,
 Than meet the cold and withering sneer
 Of Envy, asking,—“ Who lies here?”

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

MRS. HEMANS.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
 They fill'd one home with glee,—
 Their graves are severed far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea!

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow,
 She had each folded flower in sight,—
 Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the west,
 By a dark stream is laid;
 The Indian knows his place of rest,
 Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one;
 He lies, where pearls lie deep;
 He was the lov'd of all, yet none
 O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
 Above the noble slain;
 He wrapt his colours round his breast,
 On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
 Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
 She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
 The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, *they* rest, who played
 Beneath the same green tree,
 Whose voices mingled as they prayed
 Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the hearth,—
 Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
 And nought beyond, oh earth!

THE CHURCH-YARD.

ANON.

THE willow shade is on the ground,
A green and solitary shade ;
And many a wild flower on that mound
Its pleasant summer home has made.

And every breath that waves a leaf,
Flings down upon the lonely flowers
A moment's sunshine, bright and brief,
A blessing looked by passing hours.

Those sweet vague sounds are on the air,
Half sleep, half song,—half false, half true,
As if the wind that brought them there,
Had touch'd them with its music too.

It is the very place to dream
Away a twilight's idle rest ;
Where Thought floats down a starry stream,
Without a shadow on its breast.

Where Wealth, the fairy gift's our own,
Without its low and petty cares ;
Where Pleasure some new veil has thrown,
To hide the weary face she wears.

Where hopes are high, yet cares come not,
 Those fellow-waves of life's drear sea,
 Its froth and depth,—where Love is what,
 Love only in a dream can be.

I cannot muse beside that mound,—
 I cannot dream beneath that shade,—
 Too solemn is the haunted ground
 Where Death his resting-place has made.

I feel my heart beat but to think
 Each pulse is bearing life away;
 I cannot rest upon the grave,
 And not feel kindred to its clay.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

ANON.

WHAT is that, mother?

The Lark, my child!

The moon has just looked out and smil'd,
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
 And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.—
 Ever, my child, be thy morning lays
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The Dove, my son!

And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.—
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love!

What is that, mother?

The Eagle, boy!

Proudly careering his course of joy:
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying—
His wing on the wind, and his eye in the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward right on.—
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, mother?

The Swan, my love!

He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.—
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home!

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds no rest with thee.

Thou think'st the vine's low rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.

Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts opprest—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.

Thou think'st it sweet when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who 've prayed with him.

Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred band;
Oh! midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

EARTHLY DELIGHTS TRANSITORY.

H. K. WHITE.

WHAT is this passing scene?
 A peevish April day!
 A little sun—a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discuss'd)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
 It flourishes and dies;
 Will the cold earth its silence break,
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
 Beneath its surface lies?
 Mute, mute is all
 O'er Beauty's fall;
 Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
 Not long survives to-day;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
 But now 'tis gone away.
 Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat ?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart
 be still?

NO LASTING HAPPINESS BELOW.

MRS. STEELE.

Go, Vario, trace creation's ample round,
 In search of happiness your cares employ ;
 And when the dear, important good is found,
 Say, is it permanent, or real joy ?

If real, why, when distant pleasures rise,
 Does glad expectance sparkle in your eye ?
 Say why, when near, the satisfaction flies,
 And disappointment heaves the painful sigh ?

Or grant your heart should all its wish possess,
 How keen the fears of deprivation sting !
 How can the present good have power to bless,
 Which hangs precarious on a moment's wing ?

Be happy—what on earth! the thought how vain!
 Earth cannot give a permanent delight;
 As sure must fleeting pleasure yield to pain,
 As day retreats before approaching night.

Yet is not heaven unkind, which shades with woe
 The chequered scene, to bid our wishes rise;
 Could real, lasting bliss be found below,
 Why should we seek for mansions in the skies?

SAFETY.

WARING.

WHAT dost thou, oh wandering Dove,
 From thy home, in the rock's riven breast?
 'Tis fair—but the falcon is wheeling above:
 Ah! fly to thy sheltering nest!
 To thy nest, wandering dove!—to thy nest!

Tired Roe, who the hunter dost flee,
 While his arrow e'en now 's on the wing—
 In yon deep green recess there's a fountain for thee
 Go rest by that clear secret spring,
 To the spring, panting roe!—to the spring!

My spirit, still hovering, half blest,
 Mid shadows so fleeting and dim—
 Ah, know'st thou thy Rock, that safe place of rest;
 And thy pure spring of joy?—then to Him!
 Then to Him, fluttering spirit!—to Him!

SMILES IN TEARS.

MOORE.

OH Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give,
 Must weep those tears alone!

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
 And e'en the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
 Is dimmed and vanished too!

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not thy wing of love
 Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
 One peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
 With more than rapture's ray;
 As darkness shows us worlds of light
 We never saw by day.

TO MY WATCH.

MRS. STEELE.

LITTLE monitor, by thee
 Let me learn what I should be :
 Learn the round of life to fill,
 Useful and progressive still.
 Thou canst gentle hints impart
 How to regulate the heart.
 When I wind thee up at night,
 Mark each fault, and set thee right,
 Let me search my bosom too,
 And my daily thoughts review ;
 Mark the movements of my mind,
 Nor be easy when I find
 Latent errors rise to view,
 Till all be regular and true.

WAKING IN THE MORNING.

MISS PORTER.

LORD, let my thoughts, on angel wings,
 At waking, rise to thee,
 E'en ere 'the lark at heaven's gate sings'
 Her hymn of ecstasy!
 And as the light, through night's dark stole,
 Increaseth more and more,
 May brighter ardours in my soul
 Thy Providence adore!

GOING TO REST.

THE SAME.

WHEN slumbers, soft as noiseless snow,
 Descend upon mine eyes,
 Lord, let me sink to rest, as though
 I never more should rise!
 Let thy blest Spirit from my breast,
 The world, and sin, have driven,
 So that if Death these lids have pressed
 My soul may wake in Heaven!

A SERENE NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

I GAZE upon yon orbs of light,
The countless stars that gem the sky;
Each in its sphere, serenely bright,
Wheeling its course—how silently!
While in the mantle of the night
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.—

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur! can it be
That souls, whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow place,
This prison of mortality?

What madness from the path of right
For ever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight,
A good, that vanisheth away?

Man slumbers heedless on, nor feels,
 To dull forgetfulness a prey,
 The rolling of the rapid wheels
 That call the restless hours away;
 While every passing moment steals
 His lessening span of life away.

Awake ye mortals ! raise your eyes
 To yon eternal starry spheres—
 Look on these glories of the skies !
 Then answer, how this world appears,
 With all its pomps and vanities,
 With all its hopes and fears.

What, but a speck of earth at last,
 Amidst th' illimitable sky,
 A point that sparkles in the vast
 Effulgence of yon galaxy;
 In whose mysterious rounds the past,
 The present, and the future lie.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
 Of heavenly lamps so brightly shining;
 Through the unbounded void of space,
 A hand unseen their course assigning,
 All moving with unequal pace,
 Yet in harmonious concord joining:

* * * * *

Who that has seen these splendours roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sighed to 'scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures, poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawns between?

There, in the starry halls of rest,
Sweet Peace and Joy their homes have made ;
There, in the mansions of the blest,
Diviner Love his throne hath laid,
With ever-during glory graced,
And bliss that cannot fly nor fade.

O boundless beauty! let thy ray
Shine out unutterably bright ;
Thou placid, pure, eternal day,
That never darkenest into night ;
Thou spring, whose evergreen array
Knows not the wasting winter blight.

FINIS.

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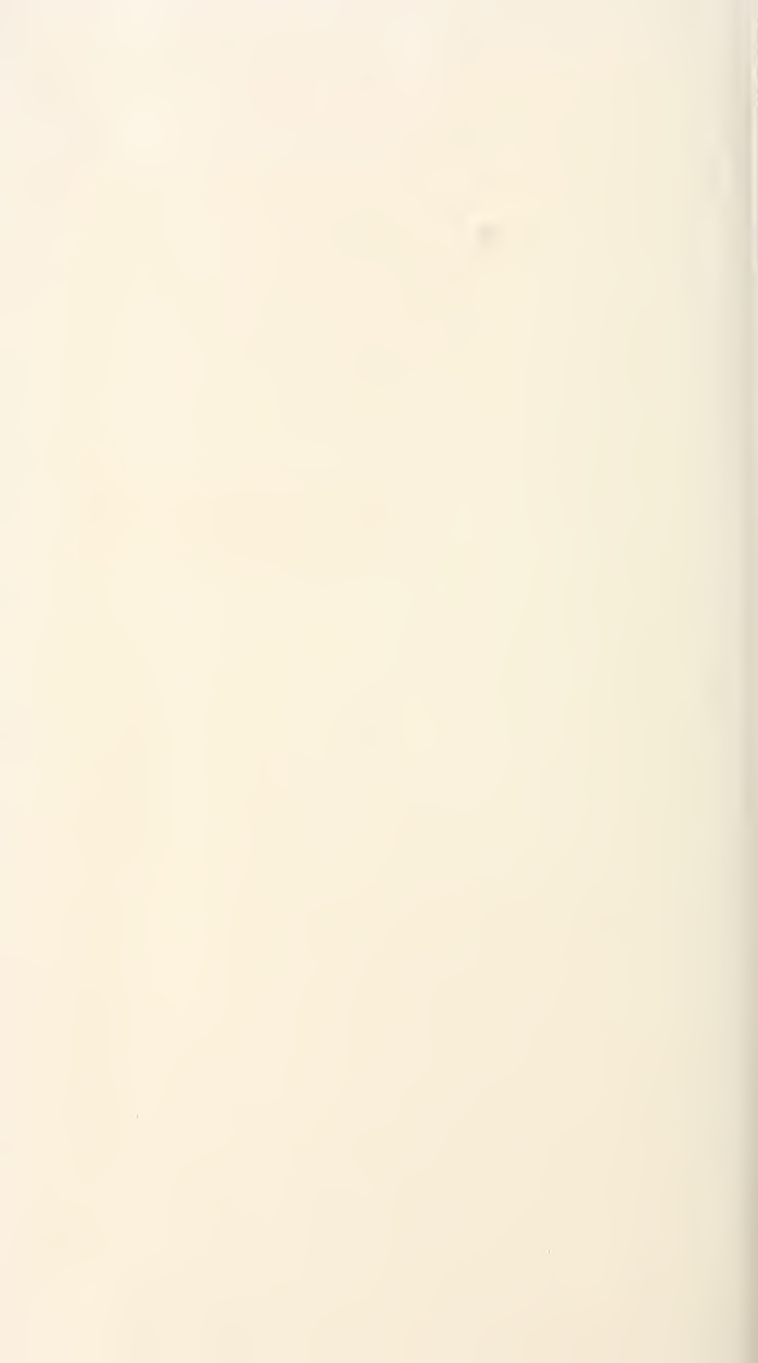
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